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HUNTING TRIPS

IN

NORTHERN RHODESIA.



BY

D. D. LYELL, F.Z.S.





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HUNTING TRIPS IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.



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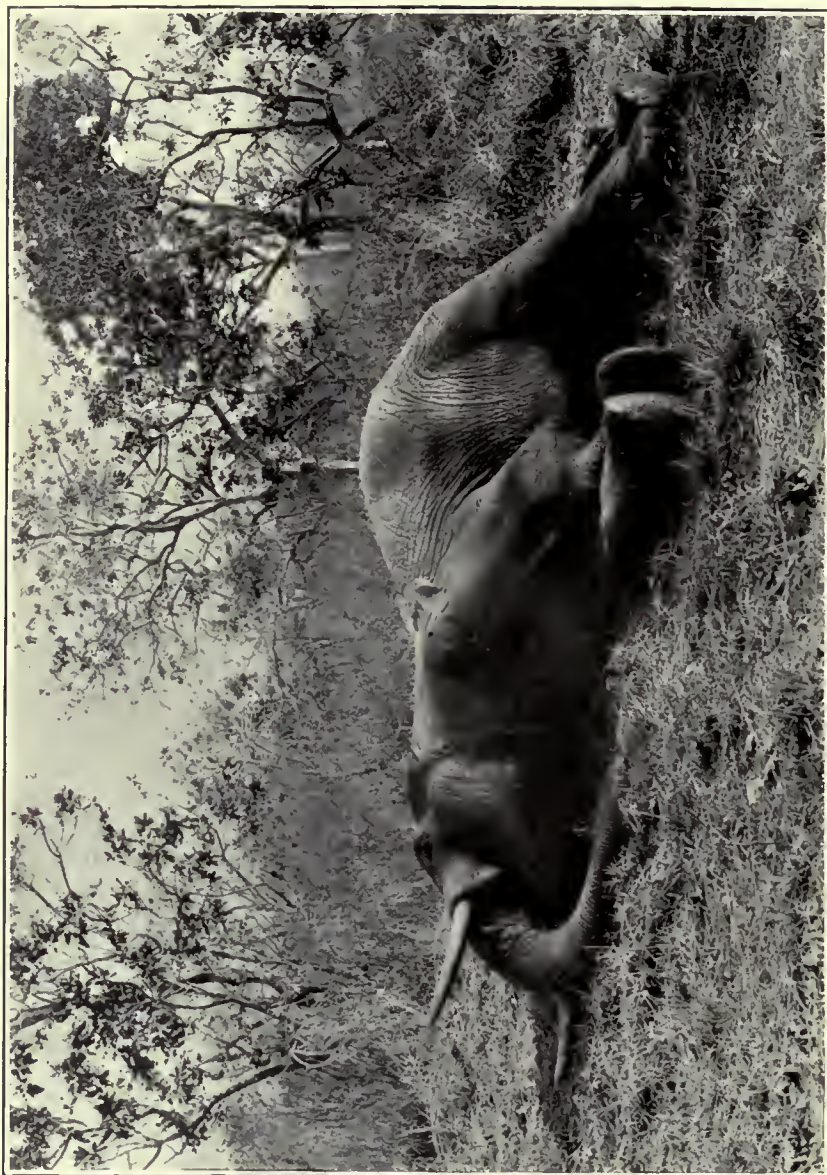


Photo by G. Garden.

ELEPHANT ♂.

HUNTING TRIPS

IN

NORTHERN RHODESIA.

WITH

ACCOUNTS OF SPORT AND TRAVEL IN NYASALAND
AND PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA, AND ALSO NOTES
ON THE GAME ANIMALS AND THEIR DISTRIBUTION.

BY

D. Lyell
D. LYELL, F.Z.S.

(JOINT AUTHOR OF "CENTRAL AFRICAN GAME AND ITS SPOOR.")

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS.

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TO MY BEST FRIENDS,
MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
I DEDICATE THIS ACCOUNT OF
SOME OF MY WANDERINGS.

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PREFACE.

IN the following pages I give an account of some of my experiences with the big game of Northern Rhodesia (or South Central Africa).

Although the book is mainly about shooting in that country, I have also included a few chapters on sport and travel in Nyasaland and Portuguese East Africa.

Sporting literature on this part of Africa is not so common as that on countries such as Southern Africa, British East Africa, Uganda, Somaliland, and the Nile regions.

Perhaps to many people this book may seem superfluous, as so much has already been written on African shooting; but big-game hunters, in my opinion, are always ready to read about sport in countries so little known as this part of Africa, and where they have not been themselves.

Since I have lived in this country I have kept diaries of my hunting trips and shooting experiences, but I have found it very difficult to prevent repetition, for to the general reader accounts of shooting must have a sameness that may bore him.

To prevent this repetition as much as possible, I have picked out the accounts of certain trips, and have not given a description of all the experiences I have had with game while in the country.

I have no hairbreadth escapes to relate, although I have had a few exciting experiences, which are the interesting part of big-game shooting.

The game in this country is increasing rapidly, due to stringent game regulations and preservation, and there is here a splendid field for the hunter-naturalist.

The free life in the bush is very fascinating to the lover of Nature in all her wild forms, and a man always longs to return to such a country, teeming with game, again and again.

If these pages are of interest, or can give the slightest information to any sportsman, I shall be amply recompensed for the trouble of writing them. Their shortcomings are many; but I have written nothing that is not fact, and I would always prefer to be busy with the rifle than with the pen.

I apologise for the frequent use of the personal pronoun, but this is a fault that is almost unavoidable in relating one's personal experiences.

PREFACE.

My thanks are due to my friend Mr. George Garden, who has kindly given me permission to use some of his splendid photographs of game, all the animals illustrated having been shot by himself. The smaller photographs were taken by myself of game I have shot, and there are also a few by Mr. T. A. Barns, F.Z.S.

I am also obliged to the editor of the *Field* newspaper for allowing me to make use of various articles I wrote for his paper at different times. These I have altered slightly to suit their appearance in book form. If some of my remarks (about the natives, for instance,) do not meet with the approval of others, I can only say that they are the ideas of a single individual, although many men in this country have similar opinions. In all cases I have only mentioned facts, and everyone knows that some facts are disagreeable; but that is no reason why they should be kept back or hidden.

Many men give their theoretical views in newspapers, magazines, and books on African affairs without having had personal experience of their subject, and in some cases they do not state the truth. It is absurd that men living in the British Isles, who have never put foot in Africa, should judge things that they are ignorant of, and send broadcast through the newspapers, etc., opinions which are not only erroneous, but misleading.

The MS. of this book reached England from North-Eastern Rhodesia some months before my friend Capt. C. H. Stigand's book, entitled "The Game of British East Africa," was published, a work for which I made some drawings of spoors.

If any similarity is to be found on certain points it can only result from the fact that our observations are based on the same lines. I have tried not to repeat matter that appeared in our "Central African Game and Its Spoor."

My share in that book consisted of the drawings of spoors and droppings of the game, and other subjects; a fair amount of the letterpress; besides persuading Mr. C. F. Selous to give us an introduction, and getting Mr. T. A. Barns and Mr. George Garden to allow us the use of their photographs of game. I need not, therefore, make any excuses for having given a few reduced spoors in this volume also.

D. D. L.

KAPUNDI STREAM, *viâ* FORT JAMESON,
N.-E. RHODESIA,
November, 1909.

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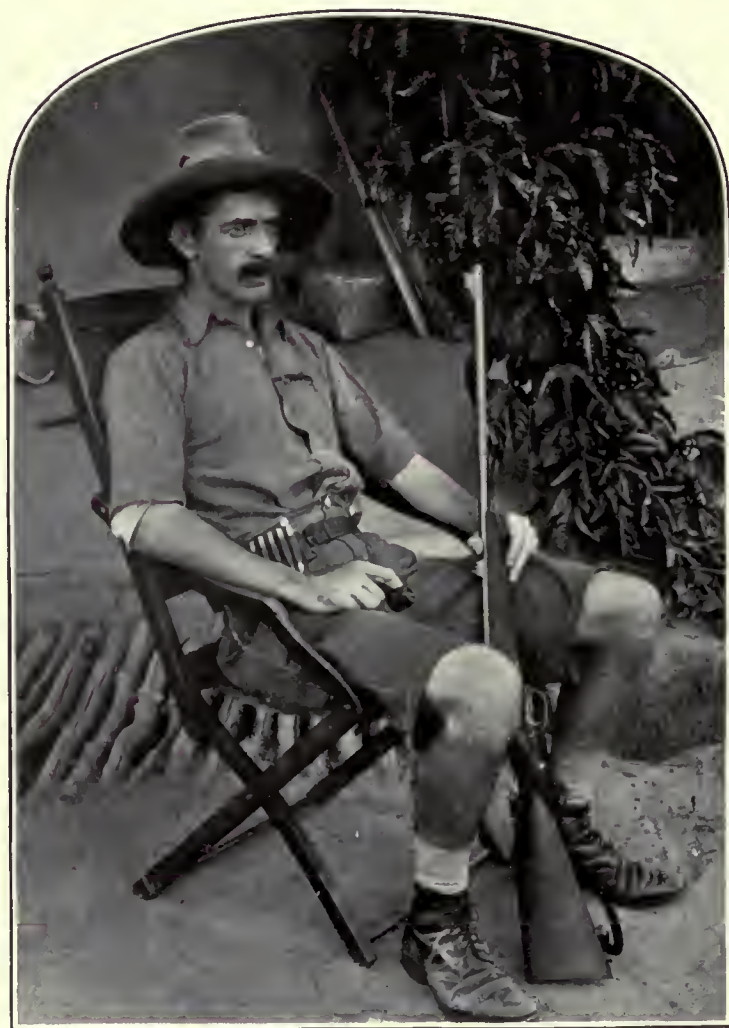
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ERRATA.

- PREFACE.—Fourth last line, Mr. C. F. Selous *should be* Mr. F. C. Selous.
- INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS.—Red letchwe *should be* Red lechwe.
- ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.—Letchwe *should be* Lechwe.
- Page 30.—Fourteenth last line, *chickotis should be* chikotis.
- Page 43.—Second last line, Litchenstein *should be* Lichtenstein.
- Page 69.—First line, Mr. C. F. Selous *should be* Mr. F. C. Selous.
- Page 71.—Fifth last line, Malelembos *should be* Malelembo's.
- Page 89.—Third line from top, maribou *should be* marabou.
- Page 100.—Fifteenth line from bottom, word east *should be* west.
- Page 100.—Seventh last line, add word "as" between words "so" and "long."
- NATIVE NAMES OF THE GAME.—Baboon Ngoni (Zulu) Chiro-Cheutowa *should be* Chiro-Chentowa.
- VOCABULARY OF NATIVE WORDS.—Bag—Tumbra *should be* Tumba.
- INDEX.—Chickotis *should be* Chikotis.
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- INDEX.—Lakes, Lake Bangweola *should be* Lake Bangweolo.
- INDEX.—Letchwe *should be* Lechwe.
- INDEX.—Natives of Northern Rhodesia, Akimda *should be* Akunda.
- INDEX.—Natives of Northern Rhodesia, Asemba *should be* Asimba.
- INDEX.—Places mentioned, Susare *should be* Sasare.
- INDEX.—Villages mentioned, M'pondi's *should be* Mponda's.
- INDEX.—Villages mentioned, Wandanka's *should be* Wandauka's.



THE AUTHOR IN HUNTING DRESS.

HUNTING TRIPS IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE GAME COUNTRY AND GAME HUNTER.

NORTHERN RHODESIA (North-Eastern and North-Western) is a huge territory, having an area of perhaps 300,000 square miles, so it can be imagined how the conformation of the country varies, and what a wealth of big game haunts its wilderness of forest, mountain, and plain.

North-Eastern Rhodesia, about which this book mainly deals, is bounded on the north-east by German East Africa, on the north-west by the Congo Free State, on the east by Nyasaland, on the west by North-Western Rhodesia, on the south-east by Portuguese East Africa, and on the south by Southern Rhodesia. As the territory of North-Eastern Rhodesia stretches farther to the north than the north-western section, I have called the country "Northern Rhodesia" for the purpose of abbreviation.

The best shooting time is the dry season from May to December, the rains taking place between December and April. During the rainy season little game can be found, for water is so plentiful that all the game has scattered. The grass and vegetation are so rank and thick at this time of year that it is also a difficult matter getting through the country; and, to add to this, the discomforts of shooting in the wet are so great that few men start out before May.

The annual grass fires take place about the month of July, sometimes a little sooner if the rains stop early. Shortly afterwards the fresh green grass begins to spring up, when the game collect to eat it and to lick the ashes for the salt that is found in them.

The hottest months are September, October, and November, just before the rains break, and at this time the heat can be terrific in the low country.

Violent thunderstorms take place in the beginning of the rainy season, and continue up to February, and these are sometimes accompanied by hail; but I have never seen it as large as I have seen in Eastern India, where it causes great damage to the tea bushes, and other crops.

I spent some years of my life as a tea-planter in Cachar, Sylhet, Assam, and the Terai Dooars, but left India as the climate did not agree with me, for I suffered constantly from fever, which I got into my system while opening out a new garden in a particularly unhealthy spot.

When I went to this place I got one hundred and five coolies, and when I left it a year afterwards there were very few left of the lot, the remainder having died of various tropical complaints. Besides these, a great number of other coolies I got later, also died, and I think the deaths altogether for the year came to over two hundred.

Besides the deaths on the garden itself, cholera broke out in the surrounding villages, causing great loss of life amongst the inhabitants.

The country swarmed with leeches and mosquitoes, the former causing very bad ulcers, from which the coolies and myself suffered horribly.

The shooting in Eastern India did not satisfy me, for the jungles were so dense and impenetrable that it was impossible to get about them without the aid of elephants, and an impecunious planter is hardly able to afford to keep these animals.

However, there were generally plenty of snipe, duck, and jungle-fowl to be got, but the sport of shooting them was too tame. So I left India and came to Mashonaland in 1899, where I spent a short time trekking about with a Boer transport rider, as the men are called who run transport in waggons. For reasons I can hardly explain myself I took it into my head to return again to India, but when the Boer War broke out I was seized with the prevailing patriotism and came back to the Cape, where I joined a mounted corps and was sent to the front.

After serving for a few months I was knocked over with a bad attack of enteric fever, which nearly finished me. I was taken ill near Modderfontein in the western province, so I was carried into a store kept by an old Scotchman named Macgregor, who had married a Dutch woman, by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters, mostly the latter.

Old Macgregor and his family looked after me so well that in three months I was on my legs again, having only been seen by the Army doctor of the district twice, as he had to drive a long distance and had plenty of other work on his hands. After that I went to Ceres, a lovely hamlet in the hills about seventy miles from Cape Town. The bracing climate and good food soon pulled me together again, and shortly afterwards an opportunity occurred for my leaving South Africa, so I booked a passage for Durban, where I transhipped into the s.s. *Induna* and came to Chinde. I have heard the old *Induna* very badly maligned, but I found her fairly



TUCHILA RIVER, NYASALAND.



RIVER STEAMER IN SHIRE RIVER.

comfortable, although I must say she harboured the biggest cockroaches and fiercest mosquitoes I have ever seen.

The reason that brought me to Central Africa was the chance of getting some big game shooting, for ever since I could read I had taken the greatest interest in accounts of shooting and travel in foreign countries. I read and re-read the works of Harris, Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, Baker, Selous, and others who have written on African sport; and many other books on shooting in India and America. My greatest ambition was to shoot an elephant, lion, and rhinoceros, and as many more animals of different species as I could, and to experience the life of a hunter's excitements so well portrayed in the works I have mentioned, but particularly in Mr. Selous' "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," which I consider to be the best book that has ever been written on African shooting or is ever likely to be. From my own experiences I have been able to prove that all he writes is solid fact, and not fancy.

Some of the earlier authors seem to think it necessary to embellish their works with romantic and fanciful language, and it is not until the later days that we find hunters giving their experiences in cool and logical expressions, which has a far greater hold on the mind of the reader than reams of flowery matter.

There are many good hunters in Africa who have never written anything, some because they do not want to, and others because they could not; for however expert they may be with the rifle, when it comes to using a pen they find themselves quite at sea.

As it was in the Far West, where the best hunters and trappers seldom visited the townships, so it is in the wilder parts of Africa, and there are many good hunters whose exploits have never become known, except to a few close friends and to the natives. However, sportsmen have to be thankful that there are others, such as Mr. F. C. Selous and the late Mr. A. H. Neumann, for instance, who were willing to put their experiences on paper for the benefit of others who take an interest in the same subject.

Although practical experience is the only true teacher, one can pick up many a hint from a well-written book. If it cannot tell us how to spoor and shoot big game, it can show us how it ought to be done, and this is better than nothing.

Once a man has taken to a wandering life in the wilds of Africa, or in any other new country, he seems unable to leave it, or if he does he will surely return again. It seems to cast a spell on him, and is truly "the call of the wilds."

Here one gets away from all the petty worries and conventionalities of civilisation, and can live a free, open-air life, with the blue sky above and the

expanse of wild bush below—the haunt of wild beasts and wild men. It is a grand thing to stand on some hill and to look on such a scene, and to know that it is still in the same primeval state as it was at the beginning, untouched and unblemished by civilised man's devastating hand.

The shooting in Northern Rhodesia is interesting, for, as a rule, the game has to be hunted, that is, spoored up. Most people leave this interesting work to the natives. A fair head bagged in this way appears to me to be a better trophy than a very large one which has been shot by chance. Good heads are a matter of luck. For instance, a man came to this country who had never shot big game before, and in a month or two he had bagged a seventy-pounder elephant, a very fine bull buffalo, and one of the best roan antelopes that have been shot in this country. As he could not have known much of the true art of hunting, this can only be called luck.

To a keen hunter the interest of shooting is much increased when he is able to follow up, or spoor, the game himself, without being solely dependent on his native trackers, for this is, in my opinion, the most interesting part of hunting, as anyone who can shoot can easily kill game if he gets close enough and keeps cool.

Sometimes the getting "close enough" takes some doing, and knowledge is a great help. For antelopes one should try to get within one hundred and fifty yards, or nearer if possible. For animals such as elephants, rhinos, and hippos a distance of forty or fifty yards is better, for then one can put the bullet exactly in the right place. I should like to tabulate the qualities necessary for a man to become a good hunter, but in doing so, I hope I shall not be accused of preaching, as my remarks are of course only intended for tyros, and not for experienced men.

1. Patience and perseverance in following game.
2. Keep the wind right—blowing from the game to the hunter, not *vice versa*.
3. Shoot coolly, and take a rest for the rifle when possible; but the barrel should not touch anything hard, such as rock or wood, or it will cause "jump."
4. Go silently—a very difficult matter in rough bush—and never talk loudly.
5. Carry the rifle yourself, or many chances will be lost.
6. Observe details, for these count.
7. Keep a good look out. Try to see game before it sees you.
8. Get as close as possible. Every yard nearer increases the chance of clean killing.
9. Never approach wounded game with an empty rifle. This applies especially to dangerous game.
10. Shoot with moderation, and for good trophies; and put wounded animals out of their pain quickly.



TROPICAL SCENERY.

Photo by G. Garden.

Perhaps the most difficult clause to observe is No. 4, for at certain times of the year it is almost impossible to walk quietly, as everything is very dry and brittle, especially a kind of pod which goes off like a pistol when trodden on. Many a good head of game has been lost by treading on these vegetable crackers. Of course, when actually stalking up to game, one would take care not to tread on sticks, pods, or anything; but after a long, tiring walk one gets careless, and it is generally at this time that some animal gets up and bolts. Besides the impediments mentioned, there will be stones, stumps, thorns, branches, leaves, and holes about; so the hunter will need all his wits about him to see the game before it has heard or seen him.

When an animal is sighted before it has become aware of danger there is a much better chance of getting close up and killing it.

The time when game are least on their guard is at early morning and late in the evening, when they are engaged in feeding. If an animal or a herd is disturbed in a dambo (a dambo is an open patch of grass surrounded by bush) and runs, it will be a good plan to wait, for they will usually stand and look back before entering the bush. Although this is not an invariable rule it is a usual one, and is worth remembering, for hurried running shots generally mean only wounding and losing an animal unless it is very close.

Game has little chance nowadays against modern firearms, and the odds are always greatly in favour of the hunter, if he knows what he is about. If Mr. W. C. Oswald, for example, had been armed with a modern rifle in the early days when he hunted in Southern Africa, there is no saying what huge bags he might have made, although he did a lot of execution with his old-fashioned 10-bore Purdey smooth bore.

If he, Mr. Gordon Cumming, and others could rise from their graves and see men killing elephants and other big game with rifles such as the .256-bore Mannlicher and .303 Lee-Enfield, they would be astonished, for the rifles we use at the present day are less in the bore than men used then for shooting rabbits and rooks.

In all the protectorates of Africa we are now hampered by game regulations, so we can only shoot a limited number of the larger and more valuable game. This, of course, is right and proper, or the game would be exterminated; but at times we all feel that we ought to be allowed more, as we are the first people in the country, and are smoothing the way for those who will follow.

Big game shooting is a common sport at the present day, and the gentle sex even go in for it and write interesting accounts of their experiences.

Most of the expeditions that leave home every year make for British East Africa, and shoot in the vicinity of the Uganda railway, where I should imagine the game

must be getting shot out. I think railways rather spoil the romance of game shooting, but this, of course, is only a matter of opinion. Comparatively few sportsmen have visited this country (Northern Rhodesia), probably on account of its inaccessibility, although now that the proposed Cape to Cairo railway has reached Broken Hill in North-Western Rhodesia, this does not apply to the same extent that it did when the only route to this country was *viâ* Chinde on the east coast.

I still think the most interesting way to get to Northern Rhodesia is by Chinde, and then up the Zambesi to either Chiromo or Tete. Coming in *viâ* Chiromo, one passes through Nyasaland (formerly known as British Central Africa); and by Tete the road passes through Portuguese East Africa to reach North-Eastern Rhodesia.

I have travelled by all the routes, by some on several occasions, but the first time I came through Nyasaland, passing through Zomba, the head Government station, where I stayed for some months before I came to Northern Rhodesia.

As I have previously mentioned, it was the shooting that attracted me, for ever since I was able to handle a "Gem" air gun and a rook rifle, the smell of gunpowder has always been a delight to me. One of my favourite amusements at home was duck shooting with an old muzzle-loading 6-bore duck gun, for there were not so many breechloaders then. I much preferred this and wildfowl shooting to field shooting, for it took me into wilder places.

The wilder a country is the greater the charm of shooting in it. The mere killing is only a secondary consideration to a lover of wild nature, and it is the surroundings that ever add a zest to the sport.

At home this can be experienced to a certain degree, for who can compare duck and wildfowl shooting on some lonely mere, or on the seashore within sound of the sea, with tramping fields after hand-reared pheasants?

The big-game hunter has been the first in many of our colonies, and if it had not been for him many a land that is painted red on the atlas would own some other colour, and be under a different flag than the Union Jack.

To travel in this country, accompanied only by a lot of savages, the hunter has to be self-reliant.

The natives have to be treated firmly at all times, and harshly occasionally, for whatever the missionaries or others may say, the only respect they give is through fear. By this I do not mean that they have to be treated unkindly, but any kindness bestowed on them should never be tempered with familiarity, or they will cease to respect and obey.

One of the pleasantest forms of shooting is to wander out by oneself when the heat of the sun is beginning to wane, and when it is getting cool. The animal life



STAND USED BY NATIVES FOR FRIGHTENING GAME FROM
THEIR CROPS AT NIGHT.



HILLY COUNTRY IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

of the bush then begins to wake up and move about. The nightjars begin to fly in the open glades after the moths and beetles, and the frogs in the marshes begin to croak.

The game, too, begins to move into the dambos and clearings to feed, and many is the successful evening's sport I have had when living in some lonely wattle and daub house, and where the only things that can interest are found in the bush, for there are no libraries or bookstalls in Northern Rhodesia, and one has to turn to Nature and try to read it.

Often, when I did not require meat, I have contented myself with watching animals feeding, and such a scene is much more interesting than sitting in the Zoological Gardens and watching beasts through the wires or bars of a cage.

It will be many years before the love of a wild, wandering life and the spirit of adventure disappear from the Anglo-Saxon race, but in years to come there will not be any wild countries left, what with the spread of civilisation and the opening up of new countries. A good many of us ought to thank our lucky stars that we exist now, and not at some future period when all the country will be a mass of townships, with motor-cars, railways, and perhaps flying machines all over the place. But enough, for I will now get on to describe the game of this country, and I think it will be admitted that it is a plentiful collection.



SKULL AND HORNS OF IMPALA ♂.

CHAPTER II.

I. THE GAME—ANTELOPES.

IN describing the various species of animals which are to be found in Northern Rhodesia I have thought it best to begin with the smallest and work up to the largest—the elephant. This list is fairly complete, and includes all the animals likely to be met with in this country. In giving the weights of game I may say that these are only approximate, and I have tried to err on the right side by under and not over estimating their correct weights. The weights given are for full-grown males.

STEINBUCK, SHARPE'S.—This animal is the smallest of the antelope tribe found in Northern Rhodesia, and is very plentiful in certain parts of the country, but it is very localised and only appears in certain districts. I have put up as many as eight in an afternoon's walk.

It presents a difficult target for a rifle as it seldom stands after being put up, but goes clean away. They could be easily killed with a shotgun, but I do not consider it quite sportsmanlike to use shot when it is possible to kill them with a bullet. I had been some time in the country before I bagged one, although before that I had missed several snapshots at them. Once I saw one run into a hole at the base of a big tree, but when I got to the place I found the animal had gone out by another hole on the other side. Their skins are a reddish colour interspersed with whitish hairs. The males alone bear horns, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. is a good head. The weight I would put at about 20 lb. Known as kansenye, the native name.

DUIKER, COMMON (*Cephalophus grimmi*).—The duiker is without doubt the most plentiful of all the animals in this country, for one cannot go anywhere without seeing it, although it is naturally more common in some places than in others. It inhabits both hilly and flat country, and will often be found in the dambos and clearings early in the morning and late in the evening. When the weather is cool it will often remain in the open all day. It is a sporting little animal, and, considering its small size, extremely tenacious of life, for I have often seen duiker run off with a wound that would have instantly disabled a lion or leopard. These animals, like most of the smaller antelopes, do not run in herds, and are found in couples or singly, although one or more couples may sometimes be seen feeding in close proximity when they are plentiful and the conditions favourable. Duiker are of a greyish-brown

colour, and only the males bear horns, although I have heard of two instances of females growing horns. A good head will measure $4\frac{1}{2}$ in., and the weight be about 30 lb. to 35 lb.

Duiker and kansenye have a habit of returning to the same place to deposit their droppings, and usually these places are on a sandy, dry soil.

KLIPSPRINGER (*Oreotragus saltator*).—A sporting little buck, which might be called the chamois of Africa, for it is invariably found on hilly ground.

I once saw one in flat country, but this animal had probably been driven from some hills near, and was making for some refuge on other high ground.

The peculiar features of this small animal are its hair and hoofs. The former is hard and wiry, and sticks out from the skin like pins in a pincushion.

It comes away very readily, and a hard stroke with the hand will remove it. The Boers in South Africa use it for stuffing their saddles, as it is said not to pack like ordinary hair. The hoofs are similar to a small goat's, which is due to the habitat of the animal, living as it does amongst boulders and rocks. It only uses the forepart of the hoofs, walking on its toes, so to speak. They are usually seen in couples, and on bolting they will often jump on to large rocks, offering a splendid chance for a quick shot with the rifle. I once saw three couples of these animals feeding together, but on being disturbed they ran off in twos.

Klipspringers seem to be able to exist without water and get all the moisture they need by eating aloes and wet grass.

It is interesting sport shooting these little animals, for their pursuit takes one to high ground, where the atmosphere is usually cooler and more invigorating.

Lovely views can also be obtained over the surrounding country, and if one is successful the meat is about the best obtainable, being very like tender mutton. Klipspringers keep in wonderful condition, and I never shot one that was not fat and healthy. A fair head will measure 4 in., and only the males have horns. Weight I would put at 40 lb., for although the animal barely stands as high as a duiker, it is thicker set.

These animals are distributed all over Africa, from the Cape to Abyssinia.

ORIBI (*Oribia scoparia*).—A pretty, clean-cut little animal, of a reddish-yellow colour, with white belly. The oribi is nearly always found in open patches of grassland, surrounded by bush, where it may go to get out of the sun. However, it will seldom be found more than a hundred yards from the grass country. Very local in its distribution, and in many parts of this country is absent altogether. It has often puzzled me why game prefer certain parts in preference to others, which seem the same in every respect as regards trees, bush, and grass.

Perhaps the soil may vary in its chemical qualities and produce different tasted food, otherwise I fail to understand why animals are so particular in choosing their habitat.

A good head for an oribi will be 5in., and the weight about 40lb. Only the males bear horns.

IMPALA (*Æpyceros melampus*).—One of the most beautiful of the medium-sized antelopes, and is never found far from water. The appearance of a herd of these animals is a welcome sight when one is suffering from thirst, for one knows water will be found within a distance of a mile or so.

Very gregarious in their habits, for although a single male may sometimes be found alone, they generally consort together. Out of the breeding season the males will run together, and seldom more than two full-grown rams will be seen in a herd of females. The impala found in this country is Johnston's, or the Nyasaland type, and they bear much smaller horns than the variety found in British East Africa, and I should imagine are smaller-bodied animals.

I once lived for a year on the Luangwa river, and used to practically live on the meat of these antelopes, for although waterbuck were almost as plentiful, there is as much difference between their meat as there is between horse and Scotch mutton.

When not in want of meat I used sometimes to sit and watch them feeding, and a pretty sight it was to see them among the tropical scenery to be found near the river. They have lovely light brown or fallow hides with white under the belly, and they show up well against a green background.

Leopards and hyenas must kill a number of the fawns soon after they are born, and on several occasions I have come on the relics of such a tragedy.

I often thought it a shame to kill such beautiful animals, but when one wants meat it is necessary, and, after all, a well-placed bullet gives an easier death than the fangs of some predatory animal. A good head in this country will measure 20in. on the curve, and the weight of one I scaled gave 110lb.

REEDBUCK (*Cervicapra arundinum*).—As its name implies, prefers reeds and grass country near water.

Rather scarce throughout Northern Rhodesia compared to some of the other species. Generally found in pairs, although sometimes three, and even four or five, will be found together. When startled, reedbuck give a shrill scream which puts other game on the *qui vive*, so, while after more valuable animals, they should be given a wide berth.

Most animals give vent to a note of alarm when disturbed, for roan snort,



MY FIRST ELEPHANT.
(Tusks 34lb. and 32lb.)



ELEPHANT BULL.
(Note matted thick grass underfoot.)

impala bark, and lions, leopards, and pigs grunt. A good reedbuck head will be 14in. on the curve, and the weight about 140lb. A reedbuck's skin is very thin, almost like strong parchment.

BUSHBUCK (*Tragelaphus scriptus*).—I think this animal is the most beautiful of all the smaller or medium-sized antelopes. It takes its name from its habitat, for it prefers thick bush, although it is often found in patches of thick grass near rivers and streams. Again, it is often seen in hilly country when there is plenty of cover. It comes into the native gardens at night, and is also very fond of vegetables, so where there are bushbuck such patches have to be fenced in. It is a sporting little animal, for quick shooting will sometimes be necessary if it is to be brought to bag. Bushbuck, even in the same district, vary considerably as to colour and markings. The older beasts appear to me to be browner than the younger animals, which are of a bluish colour. They have a bare patch on the neck almost devoid of hair. I say "almost," for if this patch is closely examined it will be found to be covered with very fine short hair, and even in the older and browner-coloured animals this patch is of a slaty-blue colour. Bushbuck are very plucky, so care should be taken not to approach them too closely when wounded, for they are wonderfully quick with their horns, and a stab in the lower part of the body might be dangerous. In finishing a wounded buck with the knife, the proper way is to approach from behind and grab the horns, pressing one side down and putting the foot on it. In this position a comparatively small antelope is helpless, especially if another man is holding the back legs.

Large animals, such as roan, sable, &c., cannot be held like this unless they are very far gone.

A good bushbuck head will measure 16in. on the curve, and the weight of the animal about 140lb. The females of this species are hornless.

PUKU (*Cobus vardonii*).—This animal is very locally distributed, but where it is found it exists in great numbers. It is seldom seen far from water, either rivers or swamps. Like all the *Cobus* family the puku is extremely tenacious of life, unless hit properly, when it is as easily killed as any other animal. Its colour is a light yellowish brown, verging to white on the belly. The males herd together out of the breeding season, as do impala and other antelopes.

The horns of this species (puku) grow bigger in this country than they do south of the Zambesi, and I have seen a number of heads over 18in., but 17in. may be said to be a good specimen.

The animal is heavier than a bushbuck or reedbuck, so I put its weight at about 170lb. The females are hornless, and, like the females of most of the antelopes,

smaller than the males. This animal is particularly abundant on the western side of the Luangwa river and its tributaries.

LECHWE, RED VARIETY (*Cobus lichi*).—There are two varieties of this animal, the red and the black (*Cobus smithemani*). They inhabit swampy country such as the borders of Lake Bangweolo. The black variety is not altogether black, for the sides of the body verge into a rich rufous brown. They are both lovely animals, and are much sought after owing to their rarity and local distribution. The females are hornless, and a good male head of either species will be about 3oin., and the weight about 180lb.

SITUTUNGA (*Tragelaphus spekei*).—Found in dense swamps which it seldom leaves. Sometimes shots can be obtained late in the evening when the animals come into more open patches to feed.

The natives round Lake Bangweolo kill large numbers in the rains, as they drive them into the deep water and then spear them from canoes. The colour of the hair is a bluish brown, and it is very long compared to any of the other antelopes. The females are hornless, and a good male head is 3oin. on the curve and the weight of the beast about 180lb.

Very few men have shot this animal, but my friends Mr. T. A. Barns and Mr. C. H. Timmler were successful in shooting some. The former shot thirteen for natural history purposes in the swamps of Bangweolo, and the latter got six near a small lake west of the Luangwa river. Several other men have killed them in this country, but most of the heads one sees have been traded from the natives.

SASSABY (*Damaliscus lunatus*).—Very localised indeed, for this species is only found on the borders of Lake Bangweolo, where, however, it exists in considerable numbers. In this part of the country they bear very good horns, which average better than those of the same species found in the south. Their hides are a lovely purple-red colour, which shine in a strong light, as they are very glossy and smooth.

Both sexes bear horns, and a good head for a male is $17\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the curve, and the weight of the animal about 300lb.

HARTEBEEST, LICHTENSTEIN'S (*Bubalis lichtensteini*).—Not so common as it used to be, as they are usually easily shot, although at times they are very wary and difficult to approach. Colour of hide is a reddish light brown, being darker on the back, verging to whitish on the belly. It is an ugly, badly-formed beast, with an abnormally long skull for its size. The horns are peculiar in shape, taking a quick bend backwards. Both sexes bear horns; a good male head being about 2oin. on

the curve, and for a female 13in. They inhabit open bush country, and are often found feeding in the open early in the morning and late in the evening.

The meat is very good, and perhaps the best of all the larger antelopes.

WATERBUCK (*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*).—This is the common type, with the white ring on the rump, round the tail. Its name would denote that it lives mostly in water, but, although it is usually found within a reasonable distance of water, it will often be seen in very dry hilly country.

Perhaps it is most plentiful near perennial rivers and streams, and wherever there are extensive swamps it is pretty certain to be common.

The colour of the hide is a bluish-brown, and the hair is fairly coarse and long. The animal has a very good carriage, and a male is one of the finest looking of the antelopes, being well proportioned and graceful, with a level back.

To see a bull waterbuck standing with his head well up is one of the prettiest sights imaginable, for he stands like a well-bred pony.

They are more abundant in the Luangwa Valley than in any other part of this country.

I have found this animal to be very tenacious of life unless he is hit well forward. The meat is very tough, and perhaps the rankest of any of the antelopes. Only the males bear horns, and a good head will be 28in. on the curve, which is an average head in Southern Africa.

Being well proportioned, I should think a bull would weigh about 450lb.

SABLE (*Hippotragus niger*).—Perhaps many people would give the sable first place as the finest antelope in Africa, but his head, although a splendid trophy, is not quite as grand as a kudu's.

The habits of the sable are bolder, for he does not mind showing himself in the open, as he will often be found in the dambos in the cool of morning and evening. Sable run in herds, but out of the breeding season the older males will often be found by themselves. I think they are more difficult to shoot when single, for, having to depend on their own senses for safety, they get more wary.

The Boers have a very descriptive name for this animal, "Zwartwitpens," which means "black, with white belly," which exactly describes the colour of the older beasts. The younger animals are a rich brown, and they begin to turn black about their third year. Even in the oldest beasts the ears never lose the brown hairs. They prefer fairly open bush country, and, as I have mentioned, feed in the open when it is cool. In places where they are little molested they may lie in the open all day. They often climb high hills, and a friend of mine shot one quite 5000 feet above sea level.

They doubtless go high to escape flies and other insects which bother them, and for coolness.

A herd of sable is one of the most beautiful sights that the sportsman can see, and they are fairly abundant in this country at the present time. A good male head will measure 40in. on the curve, and a female's 28in.

I would put the weight of a male at 350lb. Most of the weight is in the neck and shoulders, for these animals slope away behind more than any other species. It was discovered by Capt. Harris about 1838, and was formerly called the Harrisbuck.

KUDU (*Strepsiceros kudu*).—If a sportsman was asked which antelope he would prefer to bag in preference to others, he would likely mention this animal, for the head forms one of the most splendid trophies in the world.

The animal itself is a picture of beauty, for it is well proportioned and exceedingly graceful. The skin is a greyish-blue colour with white stripes, and an old bull will sometimes be almost hairless, but not in such a degree as an old bull eland. The male has usually a long fringe of hair under his throat, which adds beauty to his appearance. People at home have only got to examine the fine specimen set up in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington to see what a fine animal the kudu is, but he looks still finer when seen standing on some rugged hillside, with the grey rocks and rough scrub round him and a blue sky overhead.

The females are hornless, although instances are known of their bearing horns, but this is quite exceptional and may be looked on as a freak when it occurs. The females have abnormally large ears and are much smaller in the body than the males. A good head in this country will measure 56in. on the curve, and the weight of the animal be about 550lb. I would put the weight of a female at about 400lb.

The feet are very neatly formed, and make nice trophies.

ROAN (*Hippotragus equinus*).—This is a large animal, and in my opinion not nearly such a fine beast as his cousin, the sable. As its name implies, the colour is roan—sometimes a red roan and sometimes a blue. The hide seems to appear different in varying lights, and I think the older beasts have the blue tint predominating.

The oldest animal I ever shot was very blue, doubtless due to his having lost a lot of hair.

Roan horns are nearly always of different length, as the animals use one horn more than the other in routing up the ground and for fighting, for roan bulls seem to fight with one another more than any other of the antelopes.

They are constantly rubbing their horns on trees, which is a habit all antelopes have, and the hollows between the ridges of the horns will always be found full of



LION SHOT IN NYASALAND.



FOUR HIPPOS SHOT IN ZAMBESI RIVER.

bark and often chipped in places. Considering the size of the animal, the horns are insignificant, for an average pair will only measure about 26in.

The weight of the animal I would say is about 600lb. Roan meat is fairly good eating, and the kidneys are particularly good.

ELAND (*Taurotragus oryx*).—A grand animal, which resembles an ox more than an antelope. The eland is very plentiful all over this country, where the conditions suit it. They prefer wild country, and are often found long distances from water, and I believe they often go for some days without drinking. At the season when the maize and other native crops are ripening they often invade the gardens at night. When the crops have been gathered they also come to eat the long dry stalks, and their spoor can often be found in such places. They leave a very distinct track, easy to follow when the ground is not very hard, for they are heavy animals. The old bulls get almost hairless, and will then be of a bluish colour, but the younger beasts are a pretty light brown, the hide being striped with white, something like a kudu's. In their habits they are very gregarious, although sometimes the old bulls will be found singly. I once saw a herd of sixty-five animals feeding in the open, but a friend told me he once saw a herd of over one hundred and fifty of them.

At certain times of the year they pack together. They possibly do this before they leave for some well-known haunt. Although an eland looks a clumsy beast, he can get over the ground at a good pace, which soon outdistances a man on foot, although a horse can easily overtake them.

An eland bull's horns soon begin to "go back" after he has reached maturity, and they seem to wear them down more than any other antelope, except, perhaps, an old roan bull.

A good head will measure 28in. for a male or female, and the weight of a bull be quite 1200lb.



SKULL AND HORNS OF PUKU ♂.

CHAPTER III.

II. THE GAME—CARNIVORA, PACHYDERMATA, ETC.

JACKALS, TWO VARIETIES: 1. SIDE-STRIPED (*Canis adustus*); 2. BLACK-BACKED (*Canis mesomelas*).—Although these animals are fairly plentiful they are not often seen, unless one is out late in the evening and very early in the morning, for, like all predatory animals, they are nocturnal in their habits.

Sometimes one will be put up in the daytime in a patch of long grass where it has been lying asleep. Occasionally they will be heard at night, but not so often as in India, where one can hear jackals calling nearly every night.

In the cold season their skins are very pretty, and if enough can be obtained they make a nice kaross or rug. When locusts are about jackals eat quantities of them, and they are not above stealing a fowl when the opportunity offers.

HUNTING DOG (*Lycaeon pictus*).—Old writers on African sport and travel used sometimes to refer to this animal as a wolf, and I have seen the hyæna similarly named. Hunting dogs in their habits resemble wolves, for they go about in packs and range the country in their search for food.

Once they get on the track of an animal they seldom leave it, and the only thing that might stop them is running water. In this country they do not interfere with human beings as they are said to do in the south. I have shot a number of them, and never found them in the least dangerous, but they might be if they wished, for they are powerful animals and very fast. I heard of a case, which I believe to be true, of a pack killing a lion, and there is no doubt that lions fear them, as do all other animals. The largest pack I ever saw consisted of about fifty animals, but the usual number is from ten to twenty. As soon as a pack appears in a district all the game seems to vanish, and they do not return until the dogs have been gone for some time. Although they are plucky animals, and one cannot help admiring their sporting habits, they should be shot whenever possible on account of the damage they do to more valuable game. Their colour is blotchy black, yellow, and white, and they weigh from 60lb. to 70lb.

HYÆNA, TWO VARIETIES: 1. SPOTTED (*Hyæna crocuta*); 2. BROWN (*Hyæna brunnea*).—These animals are found all over Africa, although the brown variety is very scarce in this country.

While camped in the bush or living in some lonely house, the cry of the spotted hyæna will often be heard at night. They feed on offal, particularly bones, and follow the lion and leopard for the leavings of their kills. Their jaws are exceedingly powerful, and I have seen the thigh bone of an elephant broken by these animals. Of course this was not done by a single bite, but by constant gnawing.

A spotted hyæna I carefully weighed was 125lb., and I do not think they grow much larger in this country.

LEOPARD (*Felis pardus*).—These animals are very plentiful, but seldom seen owing to their retiring and nocturnal habits.

There seem to be two varieties, the hill leopard being smaller than the plains leopard, and more profusely spotted. However, this is probably only due to their habitat or environment, for the effect of different climates often causes slight variation in members of the same species.

Leopards kill large numbers of small antelopes, such as klipspringers, duikers, and oribis; and I have often come across the remains of a kill in the bush. When hungry they will eat anything, such as locusts and field mice. They are very fond of dogs, and I know of a number of cases where they have taken these animals from a house or verandah.

Their saw-like grunts are often heard at night as they prowl about for food, but it is a very difficult matter to get a good chance at one.

Many men have lived years in the wilds without having shot one. If disturbed they go off fast, and always make for the thickest cover near.

The weight of a big leopard may be about 140lb., and a good unstretched skin about 6ft. 3in. The skins of all the felines can be stretched considerably in pegging out, and a 6ft. leopard can be converted into a 7ft. skin in this manner. The only true measurement is to take a straight line from point of nose to tip of tail, as the animal lies dead.

CHEETAH.—Very scarce indeed, and I have only seen one skin, which was obtained in Nyasaland.

The animal stands higher on his legs than a leopard, and the hair is longer and coarser, and I think the animal would measure more.

LION (*Felis leo*).—Africa would hardly be Africa without this animal, and he figures prominently in most books of sport and travel, as well as in children's nursery books. He has been styled "King of Beasts," but I think this title belongs to the elephant, for a lion is not majestic in appearance when seen in his native wilds. In walking he generally carries his head low, and he is seldom seen, as he is depicted, with his head high, and with a great flowing mane. Few wild lions

have good manes, which is probably due to the heat of the country they live in, semi-starvation at times, and the rough country they go through.

Menagerie lions usually have splendid manes, which is doubtless due to the cold, and regular feeding. When really hungry there is no more dangerous beast than a lion, for he will dare anything to get food. In this country they are more dangerous in the rainy season, when the game is scarce and scattered, and difficult to hunt in the long grass. It is at this season that lions usually come to native villages, and break open huts, or take women from the gardens.

They will sometimes come to cattle kraals, or pig and sheep pens, and try to break in, so it is usual to guard these with a plentiful supply of thorn branches.

Lions are dirty feeders, and will always prefer to eat game that they have found, to killing a beast themselves, and it does not matter how rotten the meat is, as long as it is there.

They do not kill everything they attack, for often animals are shot which have escaped from a lion. I have shot a number of zebra, three roan antelopes, and a sable which had escaped from lions after being badly marked.

Lions are very fond of zebra, eland, and buffalo, and I should imagine that a bull of the latter species would put up a very good fight with a lion. In attacking buffalo, I fancy lions go for the calves and females whenever possible, and leave the old bulls alone. Besides the animals mentioned, lions seem to like pig flesh, and on several occasions I have found the remains of warthogs killed by them. They will eat anything, and when pressed by hunger will take a human being whenever the opportunity offers, so it is unwise to go out on dark, rainy nights without a lamp and rifle. Lions prefer to use a footpath to going through the bush, and even with a rifle one would have little chance, for the beast would likely be on the top of one before the rifle could be raised. The lamp might frighten him, but hungry lions have been known to disregard fires when they attacked camps at night.

I once saw the remains of a woman who had been killed in a hut by a man-eating lion. I followed him next day and put him up twice in high, thick grass, but could not get a shot.

Dark, rainy nights are the worst time for lions, and when they are hungry they make no sound. When lions are heard roaring they have generally fed, and are not dangerous. Natives are very careless, and will go to sleep and let their fires burn low, although they know people have been taken near. I remember one night, when sleeping on elephant spoor close to a small pool of water, a lion came grunting past in the dark and passed within twenty yards of where we were lying. I blew up the fire, but not one of the five men with me woke up. The lion on this occasion



FOUR HIPPOS SHOT IN ZAMBESI RIVER.



"BEHEADED!"

went to the pool, but left hurriedly when we approached with lighted grass, so I did not get a shot. A big male lion will weigh from 400lb. to 500lb., but it all depends on his age and condition, for at times lions become very thin from starvation and age.

WARTHOG (*Phacochærus æthiopicus*).—Very abundant in this country, especially so near rivers and swamps. They go about singly or in pairs, and a male will sometimes be seen running with a sow and a litter of young ones. A young warthog is very good eating, but the old beasts are tough and rank. They are grotesque-looking animals with the large warts on their faces, and grey, wrinkled hide. From their appearance it might be thought that they were dangerous, but they seldom act offensively.

I have killed a large number of them and only found two that tried to come for me when wounded, and they were both sows. The boars have very sharp tusks, and, as they are strongly built animals, they could do damage if they liked. After the annual grass fires take place they will often be found grubbing about in the ashes for the salt, and for roots under the ground. Places will be seen in the bush where they have been busy in this way. They are easily killed, much more so than a duiker. The top tushes of a male will measure about 12in. if he is an old animal. This measurement is for tush when removed from skull. The weight of the animal I would put at about 160lb. The colour of the hide is slaty grey.

BUSHPIG (*Potamochoerus chæropotamus*).—Not quite so common as the warthog, and is generally only seen in hilly country, where it is sometimes found in numbers. These animals do great damage to the natives' gardens, and in places where they are plentiful the natives make strong fences round their crops to keep the beasts out. The bushpig is slightly heavier than the warthog, and is supposed to be a pluckier animal. The tushes are small, but solid, the top ones being usually much worn down. I think a big male bushpig would weigh quite 180lb.

GNU (*Connochætes taurinus*).—Often called the blue wildebeest. A variety exists in Nyasaland and the adjacent territory of Portuguese East Africa which has a white face marking. In Northern Rhodesia there are a few gnu near the Luangwa river, and these are similar to the Southern type, which have no white face mark. The colour of the hide is a purple blue, and the animal has a black tail. The skin is very beautiful, but the animal is ugly and badly formed, and the head not much of a trophy except for its peculiar shape.

A good head will measure from 28in. to 30in. outside spread, and the weight of the animal be between 600lb. and 700lb.

Being rather uncommon in this country these animals can only be shot on the £25 licence, and then only a limited number.

ZEBRA (*Equus burchelli*).—Very abundant throughout this country, and I do not know a part of the country where they do not exist. They are often found some distance from water, but I believe they drink every day. There are various types of zebras in Africa, but as far as I know only one variety exists here, which is Burchell's. Sometimes the face marking varies slightly, for I have shot animals with brown above the nose instead of black. They are all striped to within an inch or so of the hoofs.

Lions kill a great number of these beasts, but the sportsman will not need to shoot many, and at present only a limited number can be shot on the £25 licence. They are stoutly built animals, and I think a big stallion would weigh 600lb.

BUFFALO (*Bos caffer*).—One of the finest trophies it is possible to get, and it will take the sportsman some trouble nowadays to add a good buffalo head to his collection, for they are very difficult to find, and have been reduced in numbers since the rinderpest swept through the eastern portion of Africa from 1894 to 1896. I think they are more difficult to spoor up than an elephant, for they travel a long way, more especially in country where they have been much molested. They are gregarious in their habits, although sometimes an old bull will be found wandering about by himself. They are very dangerous when wounded, but not so much so as a lion or elephant, though perhaps when charging they will be more difficult to stop than either of these animals. A buffalo comes on with his head held high, and as their bodies are low there is not much to shoot at.

I have heard of a few accidents to sportsmen from buffaloes in this country, but more people have been killed by elephants and lions.

Care should be taken over the first shot at any dangerous game; if this is well placed there is little danger, for the first bullet is the telling one.

It is careless, hurried shooting that leads to accidents, and often long shots, when it might be possible to get closer and make more certain.

A buffalo's heart lies very low in the chest cavity, and the bullet should be placed below an imaginary line drawn across the centre of the body. I think a full-grown bull buffalo would weigh from 1100lb. to 1200lb., as they are heavy, thick-set animals. A good head would be 40in. outside spread.

HIPPO (*Hippopotamus amphibius*).—In old sporting books this animal is often referred to as the "sea-cow" or "sea-horse." Within recent years the numbers of these animals have been much reduced, as there used to be a great demand for their ivory and hides.

The ivory used to be made into false teeth, but since the introduction of other compositions it is no longer used for this purpose. The hide is used for making into whips, called "sjamboks" in South Africa, and here "chikotis." They still exist in

great numbers where they are not much harried, and in parts of the Zambesi, Luangwa, and other rivers they will be still found in abundance. They are also common in Lake Nyasa and in other smaller lakes.

They sometimes make themselves disagreeable by attacking native canoes, but in such cases they have probably been wounded. A number of so-called sportsmen make a practice of shooting at them from the decks of river steamers without having the faintest idea as to where to hit them. The consequence is a number are wounded and revenge themselves by attacking the first canoe they see.

They are very easily killed from a bank when one can shoot straight, which it is impossible to do from a moving steamer or boat. Any modern rifle will kill them, such as a .303, .275, or .256. The best place to hit them is at the back of the head below a line across the base of the ears. Once they have been frightened they will not present this shot, and then the eye will be the place to aim for, the bullet ranging backwards.

They are usually seen in herds of from three to perhaps twenty animals. Being very heavy animals, they will weigh about three tons. A good tusk will measure about 18 in. on the curve, although I have seen a pair that measured over 30 in. This beast was shot in the Luangwa river by a friend of mine. Their flesh is very good when the animal is young, and often quite a quantity of fat can be got out of a well-conditioned beast. This when boiled down and refined makes good cooking fat. There is not much sport in shooting hippo, but they fill the larder when meat is scarce, and they will often be killed for the natives, who are very fond of the meat and especially the fat, when they are allowed to take it.

RHINOCEROS (*Rhinoceros bicornis*).—Like the elephant and hippo, this animal seems to be out of date, as it has the appearance of the prehistoric beasts that we see pictures of in natural history books.

The white variety does not exist in this country, although it is strange why it should be absent, for it has been discovered in the Congo Free State and in the country to the west of Lake Victoria-Nyanza.

Neither are the colour from which they get their names, for they are both a slaty grey. I remember comparing the stuffed specimens of both species in the Cape Town Museum, and they seemed identical as to colour.

The Black species walks with its head held high, while the White variety is said to carry its head low.

The latter is the much higher and heavier made beast, and grows a longer horn.

The food of the Black variety is thorns and leaves plucked from bushes and trees, while the White species feeds on grass.

Rhino are usually found in pairs, although occasionally a single animal will be seen.

Naturally a pair give more sport than a single beast, for one can only attend to one at a time, and there is no saying what the other will do.

Considering their large size they are very easily killed with the smallest of modern rifles, and the late Mr. A. H. Neumann, in his book, "Elephant-hunting in East Equatorial Africa," mentions how effective he found the '303 rifle for these beasts. And many other sportsmen have killed them with '303 and other small-bore rifles.

A big bull rhino will probably weigh quite 3 tons, and a good anterior horn in this country will measure 18in. to 20in. Their hide can be made into good whips, and also into pretty tables, for with the proper treatment it takes a smooth, amber-coloured polish. The feet make nice lamp stands, or other articles, such as boxes.

ELEPHANT (*Elephas africanus*).—If a man was asked what animal he would rather shoot than any other he would probably say an elephant, for he is the grandest beast that inhabits the earth at the present day. Elephants are still common in Northern Rhodesia, although in certain districts, which have been hunted for some time, the large bulls are getting scarce. The elephant's only enemy is man, and man has hunted him for ages, and still hunts him as persistently as ever. Elephants usually move about in herds, and at certain times a number of small herds will pack together, forming a herd of perhaps fifty to three hundred animals. Sometimes the old bulls will be found singly or in couples, and occasionally five or six will be seen. Most of the old animals have been wounded by natives, for any old beast will seldom be bagged without several iron bullets being found in his carcase, many of these having only penetrated the skin, as they have been shot out of antiquated old muzzle-loaders with small charges of bad powder. A good pair of tusks will weigh 60lb. each, but the average is about 25lb. in this country. The average for female ivory will be about 8lb. a tusk.

It is difficult to say what a large male will weigh, but I have read that "Jumbo" weighed 6 tons, so I would imagine a wild male, in good condition, would weigh quite as much. I shall have more to say about the elephant further on.

It will be noticed that the game list of Northern Rhodesia is a large one, and I am sure that there is not another country that could produce a better, or, where the licence allows, such a number of animals to be shot yearly.

The only game animals that are restricted as to numbers at the present time are the elephant, rhino, hippo, gnu, and zebra; and two species of birds, namely, the marabou stork and egret.



ELEPHANT ♀.



ALL THAT REMAINED OF AN ELEPHANT TWO DAYS
AFTER BEING KILLED.

At certain times one has to hunt hard to meet with success, but if one knows where to go, and chooses the right season, game can be found in abundance.

I have not mentioned many small animals, such as jungle cats, otters, etc., as they are not, strictly speaking, sporting animals, but the hunter who is also a field naturalist will have plenty of interesting matter to study and to make notes on. I believe there are many small mammals, such as rodents, still to be discovered, if the naturalist sets about it in the right way. The natives are very ignorant with regard to the smaller animals, and it takes a lot of questioning to get reliable information from them on any subject, and particularly natural history.



SKULL AND HORNS OF WATERBUCK ♂.

CHAPTER IV.

A HUNTING TRIP TO LAKE CHIUTA.

ALTHOUGH I had already been on several short hunting trips, it was not until I went to Lake Chiuta that I saw game in the numbers in which it can exist when the country suits it, and where it is unmolested. This small lake is partially dry in the cold season, and in some parts wholly so, forming a huge dambo, which teemed with game when I visited it.

M. and myself had got leave for two weeks, so we decided to try and find buffalo on the Portuguese side of the lake, for the lake lies on the border-line between Portuguese East Africa and Nyasaland. Having made all our arrangements about carriers and food, we made a start two days before Christmas (1903). Starting ahead of M., I camped for the first night at a village beyond the Domasi stream. As slight rains had already fallen, the bush and grass were already beginning to get green, and some lovely flowers were to be seen, many of the ground-orchid variety, and others the names of which I did not know. Next day I walked on to Chikala, the Government station of this district, where I found the collector, H., at home. Before lunch time M. turned up, so after partaking of that meal we went off, having got two guides from H., who knew the country we wished to get to. H. had some very good heads of game hung on the walls of his house, and I noticed particularly an impala head which measured 27 in. on the curve. This is by far the best pair of impala horns I have seen in this country. As the carriers had been sent ahead, we found the tent pitched at Semula's village, where we camped for the night. Next morning (Christmas Day) we were up early, and soon had the tents and other kit packed up.

We stopped at Nkandi's village, for H. had told us we had a good chance of finding kudu near here, and we were both very keen on bagging a good specimen of this handsome antelope.

Taking different directions, we struck out into the bush, accompanied by a few men. I suppose I had walked for about six miles when I saw a herd of four kudu. Being too keen, the first shot missed, but after running about sixty yards the game stood, and I hit one of the males hard. He ran off with another male, and I followed and soon saw his horns above the grass, and on getting close I found him

just dead. His horns only measured 38in. on the straight, which is not very big, but he was my first kudu, so I felt very pleased. Cutting up the meat and taking off the head I started back for the road, where I found M. He had experienced bad luck, and had not seen any kudu. Our bare knees were very painful with coming in contact with the "buffalo" bean (Chitaisi).

This pod is covered with numberless sharp, hairy spikes, which cause most painful itching. In an hour or two the pain decreases, but while it lasts is most uncomfortable.

Parts of the country are covered with this nuisance, and I have seen places which are impassable, for the spikes will work through any cloth. Reaching a village about 3 p.m. we camped and went out shooting. I saw a considerable amount of game. First I shot an oribi, and soon after another, and on my way back to camp I got three hartebeest.

I may say I shot all this game to supply food for the carriers and machilla men, for between us we had quite seventy men who had to be fed. On getting to camp I found M. was in with a good bushbuck ram.

We sat up late after a good camp dinner, during which we drank the healths of friends in the old country and pitied them for not being with us in the wilds. Next day we did about twelve miles and camped and went out shooting. I only saw a few reedbuck and duikers, which I did not fire at, as I hoped to see something bigger. The following day we reached the shores of Lake Chiuta, where there is a boma or enclosure with huts. This day I shot a reedbuck.

There was a hill near here the natives call Mundi. Rising early on December 28th, we crossed to the Portuguese side of Chiuta, having to make a big *détour* to get round the water. We walked steadily from 6 a.m. until 3 p.m., and I saw a lot of game spoor of buffalo, eland, gnu, and sable, although much of it was old. In one dambo I saw three different lots of reedbuck, but did not fire at them, hoping to see some larger game. Finding some recently made eland spoor I followed it for over three hours, and at last sighted the animals themselves, but they ran off before I could get a shot, and I did not follow them. Coming back to camp I saw a waterbuck cow, but did not fire at her, although further on I killed two reedbuck and an oribi for meat. A heavy rain and thunderstorm came on and I got in drenched. M. bagged a waterbuck and a reedbuck ram. On the following morning we went to a village about six miles on and camped. Going out shooting I found fresh sable spoor, but could not get up to them, so I shot four hartebeest.

Hartebeest (Lichtenstein's) are the commonest game in this part, and we saw numbers of these animals every day.

On getting to camp I found M. in before me with a hartebeest. The natives' appetites for nyama (meat) seems inexhaustible, and they can eat great quantities of it. Too much meat is not good for them, but they barter a lot of it with the villagers for grain, ground nuts, sweet potatoes, etc. To-day I nearly trod on a brown mamba (called the cobra here), and a native walking near me also had a narrow escape of being bitten, for the reptile passed between his legs after I had disturbed it.

On Wednesday, December 30th, we both went out to try and find sable antelope. I saw duikers, reedbuck, and a klipspringer, but fired at none of them. When I got to camp I found M. had arrived with a nice reedbuck ram. Many of the natives were now suffering from the effects of overeating themselves, and there were constant applications for manquala (medicine).

We shifted camp next day and after getting the tents up went out. I came on a herd of Nyasaland gnu, but they ran, so I followed. Getting to within three hundred yards I tried a long shot, as it seemed hopeless getting nearer. I made a lucky shot and hit one through the neck, but unfortunately it was a female. As the herd ran off I tried a long shot at a good male, but missed him.

Saw a number of guinea-fowl, quail, and snipe to-day, but not having a shotgun did not shoot any.

A shotgun is often a useless encumbrance, for one cannot fire at small game without disturbing the larger and more valuable animals.

We found we had come too late, for all the buffalo had left. There was a tremendous amount of their spoor about, but all some weeks old, although I saw some more recent, but not fresh enough to be worth following. October and November are the best months, for now the rains had broken, all the game had scattered.

On the New Year we changed camp to a spot just under a hill named Tomboye, and saw heaps of old buffalo spoor all round. There were the remains of an old village here with the walls of the huts still standing, and the buffalo had been wandering between the huts.

The country hereabouts appeared very wild indeed and looked a typical big game country. Feeling feverish I came back to the tent earlier than usual, shooting a reedbuck on the way. M. came in with a good sable bull, and had lost one of his men, who got back just as darkness fell.

Next day we were both out again, and I tried my best to get a shot at sable, and got up to a single old bull, but he was suspicious and went off before I could shoot.

Coming back I shot a duiker, which ran quite a hundred yards with a bullet through both shoulders.



SABLE ANTELOPE BULL.
(Horns 43in. on curve. Shot in N.E. Rhodesia.)



WOUNDED SABLE BULL.
(Horns 40in. Shot in N. Rhodesia.)

It is marvellous the wounds these small buck carry off, and I have seen some wonderful instances of their tenacity of life. On the following day we heard a lion roaring as we were getting up, although he was some distance off.

Certain game such as hartebeest and reedbuck are very plentiful here, and lions should not find much difficulty in getting meat. In such a country lions seldom interfere with human beings; and as a rule it is only in countries where game is scarce that lions take to man-killing.

M. shot a good bull gnu to-day with a very nice head. It is generally a mistake two men shooting in the same country unless they know one another well and can keep good-tempered notwithstanding the discomforts and worries of camp life. M. and I got on well together, and in such a case it is a great pleasure having a companion to talk about the day's sport over a nice camp fire in the evenings. On this day I killed a hartebeest, and during an evening's stroll got three duikers.

Starting early on January 4th, we made for Nafisi hill, seeing a lot of game on the way and wounding a hartebeest which I had to follow for some distance before I killed it. This animal dropped a great amount of blood, and although the .303, .275, and .256 rifles do not give wounds that bleed much, this is not always the case, and I have found that there is usually quite enough blood to enable a wounded beast to be spooed up. M. got a reedbuck.

On the following day I got another hartebeest, and M. also killed one. About 8.30 a.m. I came on fairly fresh buffalo spoor and followed it for some hours, but came on the spoor of natives whom I found were ahead of me, so I thought it useless to go on. My men and myself started to cross the big dambo here when I heard a furious grunting behind, in a patch of grass.

I had handed over my rifle a few minutes before and was walking ahead; on turning round, I saw a lion in the patch of grass. Standing still I held out my hand for the rifle, and the man carrying it behaved very pluckily and came with it, passing the lion, which was between the men and myself. Just as I got it in my hand the lion broke away, and settled down to a fast walk. Instead of waiting until he came to a stand, which I think he would soon have done, I fired a hasty shot and made a miss, and before I could pump another cartridge into the chamber he was out of sight in the thick bush. I ran after him as hard as I could go, but never got another glimpse of him.

I think this was one of the unhappiest moments of my life, for it was a bitter moment to have a lion within a few yards and not have rifle to shoot him with. However, it gave me a lesson I have not forgotten, for I never part with my rifle now; but I have not had such a splendid chance at a lion since. He was a light-coloured

animal with a fine long mane. The bullet I fired at him passed just in front of his nose, for I saw him wheel just as he entered the bush. Soon after this incident one of the worst thunderstorms I have ever seen came on, and the crashes of the thunder followed immediately on the blinding flashes. The rain, too, came down in great quantity. We were right out in the middle of the dambo, and found great difficulty in keeping a true course for camp, and in avoiding the places where the water was deepest. I did not feel in a particularly happy frame of mind with the disappointments of the day, and the bad storm did not improve matters.

My men and I reached camp about sunset, after the roughest day's shooting I ever had, but we had to be thankful that none of us were struck by lightning, for I never saw it more dangerous. At one time the storm seemed to hang over us, and every flash was blinding, and so close that the electricity gave one the sensation of "pins and needles." As we stumbled along, occasionally up to our waists in mud and water, with the clinging grass and reeds retarding every step, we came on several animals and two herds of hartebeest. These animals were all huddled together like cattle or sheep, with their sterns to the driving wind and rain. We were too busy attending to our own affairs, so left them in peace, having put the rifle into its cover. Going along like this we almost stepped on a fine reedbuck ram with a really excellent head, but before the rifle could be removed from its cover he went off, taking with him the finest reedbuck horns I have ever seen.

Soon after this we began our march back to Zomba, which we reached in due course, having bagged a few decent game heads, although we were both very disappointed that we had not got a shot at buffalo.



NATIVE AXE, KNOBKERRY, KNIFE, AND SNUFF-BOXES.



Photo by G. Garden

KUDU ♂.

CHAPTER V.

HIPPO IN THE SHIRE RIVER.

ON April 30th, 1904, I left Zomba with the intention of walking to Fort Manning, where I hoped to be able to shoot an elephant. I only went a short distance the first day, and stopped for the night with a friend who was looking after a coffee estate. He told me that on the previous Sunday two lions had killed a bushpig close to the house.

The following day I spent going round the estate and watching the preparing of the coffee. The next day I left and got to Gwazas, passing another coffee garden, called Namitembo, on the way. I also heard here that there had been a number of lions about, but it is very difficult getting a shot at them this time of year, for the grass and vegetation are rank and thick. Up to now I had only been successful in shooting one lion which had killed some goats, sheep, and a calf. There was no danger attached to the shooting of this animal, as there may be when they are shot in the open. I had gone after lions on several occasions, once when a woman had been killed at a village; but although I disturbed the man-eater twice it was impossible to see him in the thick cover.

When I reached Gwazas, B., a friend, asked me to stay with him for a few days, and as I wanted to get some good impala heads, which animals were very plentiful on both sides of the Shire river, I was only too pleased to do so. On the following morning I was up early and walked some distance, seeing a number of herds of impala. Getting one good chance at a male with a very fair head, I fired and killed him. On May 6th I went out again, this time crossing the Shire in an old native dug-out canoe which leaked badly. After covering a considerable stretch of country, I bagged another impala ram, but the head was not very fine. There are a good many thorns in this part, and a kind of grass, the seeds of which have points like needles. These work their way through woollen putties or stockings. The only thing that can keep them out are leather gaiters, but these are too hot, and so are putties or stockings, and I always found it best to go about barelegged. On the 7th I bagged three male impala, two of them having excellent heads, and as I had shot all I wanted I decided to leave on the 9th. On that day

I left Gwazas after saying good-bye to B., who had done his best to tell me of the best shooting grounds.

About 10 a.m. I got to a place named Matope and went on and pitched the tent near to Matiti Hill, close to the Shire. A number of crocodiles were basking on the rocks close to the rapids, which are called the Murchison Falls. The sound of the water rushing over the rocks was very pleasant—in fact, the mere presence of water seems to make one feel cooler in Central Africa. At 1 p.m. I went out to try and shoot my first hippo, as a man had located a few near. I had sent this man off on the previous Saturday to find out the whereabouts of the hippo, and he now told me there were four quite near. On getting close we heard the animals grunting, and soon sighted them rising and sinking in a deep pool. As there is never any hurry about hippo shooting I waited for a good chance, and hit one between the eye and ear. The bullet told with a thud, and the hippo went under without giving a kick.

Although I had never shot one before, I knew he was done for, so fired at another, but he splashed—which is a bad sign—for when the brain is punctured there is hardly any commotion. Being rather hungry, and knowing the shot hippo would not rise for an hour or so, I went to the tent and had some lunch. On returning, I saw it stranded in the middle of the river, so the men went in and brought it ashore. It turned out to be a female, and I found the bullet had struck it close to the right eye, passing through the brain. I have since shot many hippos, and I like the shot at the back of the head best, although when the animals are frightened they nearly always rise facing the danger. After cutting off a few slabs of hide with which to make *chickotis* (whips), I let the men who had collected chop away at the meat, which they did with a vengeance. While the meat carnival was going on I strolled along the river bank admiring the scenery. I fired at two crocodiles, but only recovered one of them, the other having enough strength left to get back into the river. The scenery was really beautiful, there being numbers of baobab trees, palms, cactus, and other tropical trees about, and some of the shrubs were covered with lovely red flowers. The grass was long near the river, and each stem had a feathery top. Altogether the scene was one it would be difficult to forget, although I have seen many a similar one since. My cook having decamped for reasons only known to himself, I had only a small boy left, whose usual work was to wash the dishes and plates. He now got an important rise in position, for he was installed as cook, and I took on the work of plate-washer. I dined on hippo meat and sardines, washed down by copious cups of tea. This was a pretty camp, but there were too many mosquitoes and sandflies about to make the evenings quite enjoyable. The



ZEBRA ♂.



SKINNING A ZEBRA.

morning of the 10th found me after hippos again, for three had been reported close to the tent; so I went out and shot one. This animal took four hours to rise, which is longer than is usually the case. It all depends on whether the animals are fat, and the weather hot or cold. In hot weather a fat hippo will sometimes rise in less than an hour. I regretted not having a camera, although I determined to get one at the earliest opportunity, for it seemed a pity to miss getting pictures of animals and scenery.

I left the Murchison Falls on the 11th, and had to go back to Matope to get across the river. On the night of the 10th two hyænas visited my camp and dragged a large slab of hippo skin, measuring 6ft. long by 5ft. broad, for nearly a mile. As this piece of skin took two men all their time to bring in to camp, and must have weighed about 200lb., it shows the strength of the hyæna's jaws. In following the track I noticed that they had dragged the skin backwards, for the pad-marks were reversed and the skin had covered them in places.

Getting to Matope I found the African Lakes Corporation's agent there, and he kindly put me across the river in the big steel boat belonging to his firm.

After going a few miles I got out of the Shire valley and camped at a village, the headman's name being Kaninga.

In the evening I went out to try and shoot a kudu, for the villagers told me there were some about. However, I had my walk for nothing, for all I saw was some fairly recent spoor. I saw a herd of impala, but having shot enough of them on the Shire, and wanting a shot at a kudu, I did not fire at them.

This evening I made a good dinner on a fowl and a little rice, and as I was busy over my humble meal I heard a lion grunting a long way off.

The next day I reached a place the natives call Mpezi (others called it Antonio). This was a good march, for the men were heavily loaded, but the following day we did a longer tramp, of quite thirty miles, and reached Fort Mlangeni. About fourteen miles from the Fort I passed Ncheu, a Government station, but the collector was out, and I found him with W., an old friend, who was in command at the fort.

I stayed here for a few days with W. and a few friends who were also staying with him. The climate here was very cold and chilly compared to the low country, and a fire at night was a comfort.

At Fort Mlangeni one is in the heart of Central Angoniland. There are some good sable antelope to be found near here, and W. shot a head of about 42in. while I was here. I had a try for one, too, but they had been frightened, and I could not find any.

Leaving Fort Mlangeni I went north to Fort Manning, passing the Government station of Lilongwe on the way. On reaching Fort Manning I found my old friend M. at home, but S. was away at Lake Nyasa. He returned in a few days, and it was arranged that I should make this my headquarters for a time, while I made trips after elephants and other game in the vicinity of the fort.



A PAIR OF HIPPO TEETH.



Photo by G. Garden.

NATIVES BATHING.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER ROAN ANTELOPE.

S. AND MYSELF left the fort on July 14th, to try for roan antelope and other game. The roan is not very common in Nyasaland although it is found in great numbers in the adjacent territory of North-Eastern Rhodesia. Having sent the tents and other gear ahead we struck through the bush, taking different directions. As I went along I noticed much spoor of eland, roan, hartebeest, reedbuck, etc., but it was not until I left the thick bush and came out on a dambo that I got a chance of shooting anything.

Here I saw a large herd of hartebeest feeding, so I stalked to within seventy yards behind a big ant-hill.

Picking out the two biggest bulls, I killed them with a bullet each. They had good heads, one being over 20 in. and the other 19½ in. After cutting off the heads and arranging for the meat to be brought to camp, I started off and reached the tent at 5.30 p.m.

Next morning S. and myself went out to try and find roan, but I could not find any of them, or spoor fresh enough to follow. Having changed camp to Lepenga's village, about three miles from the Bua stream, my friend and I hunted the country hard. One day I had a shot at a roan, but missed him. The Bua was a sluggish stream and looked more like a swamp. There were hippo here, and I shot one while standing up to the waist in water. This was a foolish proceeding, for when I got my hippo ashore I found his hide covered with scars, inflicted after he was dead by the numerous crocodiles that infest this stream. In getting the hippo ashore an old man was nearly drowned, having got his arms and legs entangled in the sedgy grass of which the stream was full. S. left for Fort Manning on July 17th, having to get back to duty, so I stayed out by myself. Early next morning I was on the tramp again and wounded a waterbuck which I lost. In a dambo, seeing two warthog I fired at one and hit it hard, and found it dead after following for a short distance. After cutting it up we went into a dambo, and I sat down and looked around for game with the glasses. After a time I noticed a herd of game feeding about a mile away, so went closer to find out what they were. On getting within a quarter of a mile I saw they were roan, so I prepared to try to shoot one. The dambo in this part

had been burnt, leaving some of the thicker grass charred and lying at all angles. The ground, too, was covered with ashes, but dirt is of no consequence when one is after game. There was no cover or ant-hill near, and I thought the game would be sure to notice me and bolt as I tried to get closer by creeping over the black earth.

This was exactly what happened, and, to my disappointment, I saw the herd run for the bush. I followed them, hoping they would stand, and I eventually got a long, difficult shot, unfortunately only wounding one of the males.

There were two males with this herd, both with excellent horns. I followed them, trying to get up with the wounded one, but he did not leave the herd, and some old cow invariably gave the alarm. At last I gave up, as I saw it was a hopeless business, although I always regret having to leave a wounded beast, perhaps to die in agony or to fall a prey to the teeth of a lion, leopard, or hyæna.

On my way back to camp, in anything but a happy frame of mind, I shot a large warthog boar with the best tushes I had yet got, for they measured 10 in outside the gums, which is much larger than the average. Cutting off his head, which the man with me carried, and taking the bags, glasses, and waterbottle myself, we reached the village, at sundown, rather tired and extremely dirty. A hot bath and a good dinner made things seem pleasanter, and I went to bed hoping for better luck with roan on the morrow.

Next day I was up before the sun, and had eaten a biscuit and drunk a cup of tea before the sky in the east had reddened. Going towards the dambo where I had seen a single roan before, I first saw a herd of hartebeest, but let them alone and went on. On rounding a corner I saw the roan right on the other side of the dambo, a distance of quite three hundred yards. This was farther than I liked, but as the animal had noticed us I tried a shot, and this time luck was on my side, for I hit him in the chest, and he was only able to totter for a few yards, and fell dead. On going up I found I had hit him in the chest where the neck joins the body, one of the deadliest spots to hit any animal. His head was not large, but he was my first roan, so I felt quite pleased. I took the head back to camp, but if I shot such a one nowadays I would not trouble to take it. At this time of the year (July) the nights and early mornings were bitterly cold, so I used to sit near a roaring log fire, and have one lighted in front of the tent before I got up in the mornings. A tent is a cold place to live in during the cold season, and a very hot spot in the hot season. On July 20th, I went to try to find the roan I had wounded, but failed. I put up a lion in some long grass, but could not get a sight of him. He had just left a reed-buck, which he had partially devoured.



BULL ELEPHANT SHOT IN NYASALAND.
(Tusks 52lb. and 47lb.)



CUTTING UP AN ELEPHANT.

If the wind had been right on this occasion I might possibly have got a shot at him. A lion will often stand when he sees a man, but the smell of one sends him off instantly. Feeling unwell with fever, I went back to the tent and lay down for a few hours, but feeling better in the afternoon, I went out and shot a warthog boar, with very fair tushes; I also killed a hartebeest and a reedbuck, as I needed the meat for my men.

On July 22nd, feeling still weak from fever, I thought the best thing would be to go out and try to walk it off—a very effectual cure sometimes. I saw a considerable amount of game such as hartebeest, reedbuck, oribi, and duiker, but did not fire at any of these animals, hoping to see roan. I had a blank day, however, for I did not see any. That night turned very cold, and as I had only two blankets I did not sleep well. The bitter air did not improve the fever either, and it was a very shivery mortal that opened the tent flap next morning. However, a hot camp fire and tea soon did wonders, and I left to look for roan again. Before the sun was high the air was bitter, and my fingers felt as cold as they used to do while duck shooting on the shores of the River Tay in midwinter.

We had travelled for quite ten miles without seeing roan or any very fresh spoor, when one of the men saw a herd of the animals. Some distance to the right of the herd we saw a single beast which looked larger than the others, so expecting him to be a bull I prepared to get nearer. A nice clump of trees enabled me to approach within one hundred and fifty yards, and the doomed animal did the rest, for he began to walk towards my ambush. He passed at forty-five yards, slouching along with his head near the ground. When he was opposite me I aimed at his shoulder and pressed the trigger, which finished him, as the bullet raked both shoulders.

As he took some time to die, I put him out of pain with another bullet through the neck. He was a grand specimen, and the oldest-looking beast of his species I have ever shot. His horns were worn to stumps and were all chipped and broken with fighting. Most old roan have horns of different lengths, for they seem to use one for digging. In a country where roan are plentiful, many places will be seen where they have routed up the ground. Whether this is done in search of food or only for exercise, I do not know, but the fact remains that they do it. The tail of this bull was missing, and my men said it had been bitten off by a lion; and I think this was so, for there were some old scars on his rump and along his back.

On the morning of the 24th I struck camp and started back to Fort Manning, sending my loads and trophies by the native path and going across country with two men. On the way I got among a pack of hunting dogs, and shot four of them. These animals destroy a vast amount of game, so they ought to be shot whenever

possible. One cannot help admiring their method of hunting ; but, all the same, they do so much damage, as I mentioned before, and they are so seldom seen, that I think it is a good plan to kill as many as possible when the opportunity occurs. The scenery adjoining the Bua stream is tropical looking, as that sluggish stream runs through low and swampy country. It is worth mentioning that the puku (*Cobus vardonii*) exists on the banks of this stream, though I did not see any on this trip. I noticed many kind of waterfowl, including ducks, crested cranes, herons, maribou storks, spurwinged geese, etc. The vegetation is interesting, and so are the insects which used to come to the light every evening. In fact, there is plenty of matter for the student of natural history to study, be he zoologist, ornithologist, entomologist, or botanist. My bag for this trip consisted of the following animals :—One hippo ♂, two roan antelopes ♂, three warthogs ♂, three Lichtenstein's hartebeests (two ♂, one ♀), one reedbuck ♂, and four hunting dogs (two ♂, two ♀).

Some of the country was rather difficult to get through, as the grass had been badly burnt during the annual grass fires, so I had to walk hard for my bag.



WARTHOG SKULL.

CHAPTER VII.

MY FIRST ELEPHANT AND ANOTHER.

IT WAS luck, if there is such a thing, that gave me my first elephant. On the morning of July 31st I went out to try to shoot some game, taking with me a man named Kachapakaenda. This man was an Angoni.

We were going along looking for game, or spoor fresh enough to follow, when my man picked up a leaf that had been presumably chewed and thrown down by an elephant. A look around soon revealed the tracks of three or four of these animals. On looking into my cartridge-bag I found I had only five cartridges for the '303 loaded with solid bullets, but plenty of hollow point, which are almost useless for such large game as elephants. However, I loaded the rifle with the solids and went on. I suppose we had gone half a mile when we heard the elephants breaking branches just ahead. I found no difficulty in getting to within twenty-five yards, and was just going to fire at one broadside on when the native pointed at one directly facing me, and said it was the biggest. There were only three elephants in sight, but I heard the fourth busy feeding about thirty yards off. As the animal facing me was engaged in twisting off a large branch from a high tree, and his head was well up, I aimed at the top of his chest where the short neck joins the body. On receiving the bullet he subsided backwards, screaming loudly. One on the left then began to make a grumbling sound and a few shrill screams. At first I thought he was to come on, but he changed his mind and went off, receiving a bullet about the shoulder. The other two also decamped, so I finished the one on the ground, which took my remaining three solid-bullet cartridges.

I reloaded the rifle with hollow-point cartridges and went after the wounded animal, but could not find him. Coming back to the elephant, I cut off his tail and started back to Fort Manning, and on the way came on a fine roan antelope bull. He bolted first of all, but came to a stand about one hundred yards away, and I knocked him down and finished him with another bullet. We cut off his head, which took some time and trouble, as I had only a small knife with me, and the native carried the head and the elephant tail, while I carried the rifle and bags.

Next day I brought my kodak, and men to cut up the dead elephant, and after getting them started on this work I went off with two men to try and spoor up the

bull I had wounded the day before. I got the spoor and followed it for a long way, but could not get up to the elephant, so I came back to the dead one and saw the tusks removed. The natives in my absence had been busy getting the meat, and had not begun to cut out the ivory. However, the presence of a white man always makes a difference, and in two hours I got them out.

In cutting out tusks one has to be careful not to chip the ivory, and the axe has to be worked at a slant. If a dead elephant be left for a week or ten days, the tusks will usually draw out without much cutting, but in this country it is not safe to leave ivory unless men are left to guard it. The natives have a superstition about the removal of the big nerves which are found in elephant tusks, and only an old man can take them out. They say that if a youth or maiden witness the operation they will prove barren. When the news that an elephant had been killed got about, quite two hundred natives flocked to the scene, and the operation of cutting up looked like a pack of wolves fighting over a carcass. The natives of this country believe that eating elephant meat gives them strength, and they are fonder of it than anything else.

On weighing the tusks I found them to be 34lb. and 32lb., and they measured 5ft. long, which is about the average size of tusks in this country.

On August 6th my hunter of the long name came in and said he had seen lots of elephant spoor, so I packed up and went to Kamwendo's village, where I camped.

Going through the bush I shot a warthog sow. After having some food I went out to see if the elephants had been about, and saw much spoor and places where the animals had been standing about and feeding.

Another thing I noticed was that the beasts had been routing up the ground in search of roots. Some writers on shooting affirm that they do not dig up the ground, but Mr. Selous, as well as others, say they do, and there can be no mistake about it, for on many occasions I have seen places where they have done so.

In fact, this habit is so common to elephants in Northern Rhodesia and Central Angoniand that I consider the men who deny the fact must have the art of observation wanting—or be blind. However, certain men who have shot many elephants simply shoot like machines or for financial gain, and the habits of the game they hunt do not interest them at all. I forgot to mention that the warthog I shot in the morning did a strange thing after being hit; on getting the bullet, she dashed off and ran full tilt into a tree, smashing her tusks to pieces. It was a dying rush, and I suppose she did not see where she was going.

Early the following morning I sent out men to try to find the night spoor

of elephants, and they soon returned and said they had seen the spoor of four. I soon got on the tracks and followed them until one o'clock. The bull had now separated from the herd, so I took his spoor, which led into an unburnt dambo with grass about ten feet high.

I made men climb trees, and I got on any ant-hill I could find to look round. At last I sighted him standing in the grass, so made a *détour* to get the wind right. I then began to approach him, and seeing what I thought was a convenient ant-hill, I made for it; but when I got to within a few yards I found that it was the elephant itself. I knew there was an ant-hill close to him, for I had seen it when I first sighted the animal, so I looked round for it, but it was invisible. I had one man with me, but I did not like to talk to him, for we were only about ten paces from the elephant's stern, so I began to circle round him and at last saw the ant-hill. Getting it between the elephant and myself, I began to crawl up the sloping sides. The elephant was still tranquilly sleeping, with his ears slowly flapping.

I was just getting the foresight nicely on his earhole when the man behind me, in his eagerness to see the result, trod on a reed which cracked. The next moment the elephant wheeled, and I could not stay the shot, but, instead of hitting him in the ear, the bullet went into his side. He then rushed off, and I tried two shots at his backbone, but with no result, although I heard the bullets hit him. This, to say the least, was very disappointing, for he had tusks over 40lb. each.

I used some very fluent language to my man, but of course that did not mend matters. He lost me the elephant, for I feel sure I would have dropped him, as I had a perfect chance at about twenty yards.

I trudged back to camp in a very bad temper, for I had had a long tramp all for nothing, and, worse still, had wounded and caused pain to a fine animal.

Next day I had men out again looking for fresh tracks, but they came back with bad news. Going out after buck, I shot a hartebeest bull, and later on I saw a sable, which I could not get a shot at, as he cleared.

In the evening I went out again and saw reedbuck, warthog, and duiker, but did not fire at them.

I was up early next morning, and, instead of sending men out first, went out myself, but could not find any fresh spoor of elephants, although I saw a quantity of game, including eland, roan, hartebeest, warthog, reedbuck, oribi, etc. I fired at a warthog and wounded her, for it was a sow. On going up to her she tried to come for me, so I killed her with another bullet.

Next day I tramped a long way and came on some tolerably fresh elephant spoor, which I followed until 3 p.m., but with no result. Passing through a village, I was rather amused at the salute the headman gave me. He ran up to me, cocked his head to one side, and then smacked the part of his body that is used for sitting on. I never had greater difficulty in keeping back a smile, but managed to restrain myself for the time being. Asking him if there were any elephants about, he replied that he never saw elephants. I then asked him if he were short-sighted, but he did not see the joke. Natives invariably deny all knowledge of game, for what reason is best known to themselves. Finding the country I was in was no good for the present, I changed camp to Mponda's village, about fifteen miles from Kamwendo's. On the way I saw a considerable amount of elephants' and other spoor.

After having lunch I went out to have a look round, and again noticed that there were abundant signs of game.

As I was keen to have a longer walk, I was up early the following morning, and the natives from the village took me to some very likely country, but we could not hit on any night's spoor of elephant. I shot a fine bull sable antelope, however, the best head I had got up to that time. It measured 41 in. on the curve.

After this we came on fairly fresh spoor of elephants, and, although it was rather late (11 a.m.) to start after elephants, I followed the tracks for some hours, but, as I expected, failed to come up with them. However, it gave me hopes that I would soon be successful, for there were plentiful signs of the huge pachyderms about.

In camp one usually goes to bed early, as there is nothing to do, and with the hard exercise one wants a lot of sleep. That night I was in bed before 9 p.m., and had gone off to sleep, when I was awakened by the natives calling me. On asking what was wrong, they said that elephants had come to the village and were breaking down a hut. I may mention that elephants often come to villages and break open the ncokwes (grain bins). The natives here, having been troubled in this way, had removed their remaining grain into their huts, and the elephants must have become aware of the fact, doubtless by their keen sense of smell. I took my rifle and went out and found it was a bright starry night, but there was no moon.

A few of the pluckier natives and myself made for the sound, and I told them to bring stones. On getting round a hut near the elephants' scene of operations, I could make out a few dusky forms, so we began to throw stones. I did not wish to fire my rifle, for I had hopes of getting one of them next day. When the stones fell about them the elephants made a grumbling sound, so I told men to get some dry grass and bring fire. In a minute or two they arrived with bunches of lighted grass which they had torn from huts, and this and some extra shouting scared the elephants off.

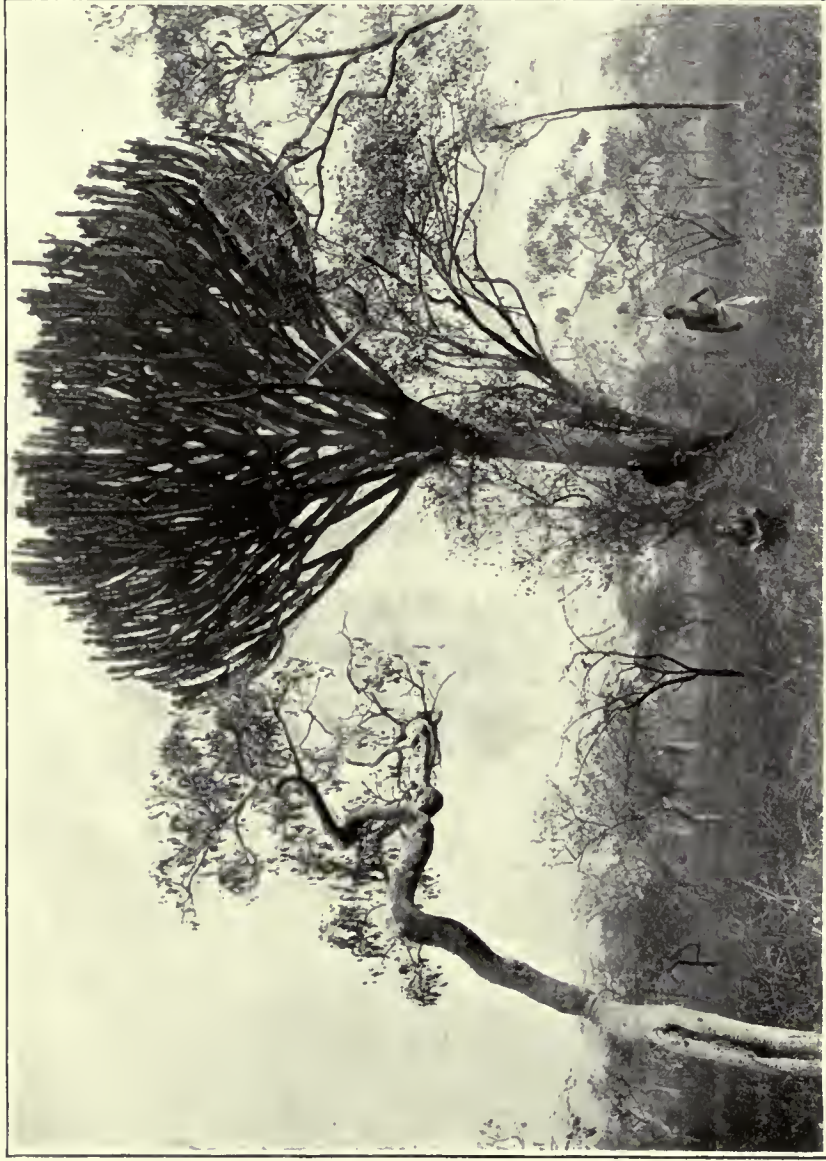


Photo by G. Garden.

EUPHORBIA.

I then retired to my tent and slept until morning. Getting breakfast early, I was off at sunrise, and we went to the side of the village where the elephants had gone the night before. We soon got on their spoor, but none were very large; so we made a round of a big maize garden and found the spoor of a fine bull.

He had gone off by himself, so I could not wish for anything better, for it is always preferable to follow a single beast than a herd. It was evident he was a very big animal, for branches were torn off the trees higher than I had before seen or have seen since. The villagers seemed to know this elephant, and they told me he was *ncuru nditu* (very large).

We followed behind him for close on two hours and found he had been feeding along in a leisurely manner, often having stopped at favourite spots. Walking steadily along we at last heard his internal rumbles. I am not quite sure whether this rumbling sound comes from the bowels or whether the animal does it with his trunk, but he does it, and it will often be the first sign or intimation that the beast is near.

Testing the wind with sand, I went towards the sound accompanied by my gun-bearer, who was carrying a second '303. We soon saw him standing in an open space, and he was busy dusting himself with sand which he sucked from the ground and then blew over his back. As he brought his head down I fired a facing shot. The moment the bullet struck him he started to make in our direction. The men I had left about eighty yards behind saw him coming and began to run. This was rather lucky, for he sheered slightly, and as he passed me like an engine run loose, he got two more bullets, which I found afterwards struck him in the gullet and the shoulder.

Loading up the magazine, I was just starting after him when I heard a man scream, accompanied by the trumpeting and stamping of the elephant, and I felt certain that one of my men was being obliterated. The gun-bearer and myself ran in the direction of the sound, and soon saw the elephant, which was still screaming and lifting his front feet off the ground, just as if he was trying to kill something. I was breathless with running, but began to fire bullets into the monster's head, and was very pleased to see him topple over, but kept in a kneeling position by a tree which he fell against. I now called the men, and they arrived in a short time, most of them looking rather scared.

I now asked who screamed, for I noticed they were all present. Mponda told me he was the man, and said that the elephant had knocked him down; and he showed me a graze on his leg, which he might have done by hitting a stump. I believe the elephant did go close to him, for it ran right into the thick of the men.

The reason the elephant stood was that the second bullet, which hit his shoulder-bone, must have cracked or broken it. This might be called a lucky shot.

As the elephant fell in a kneeling position, I could not measure his shoulder height, but I feel certain he was over eleven feet, for I have not seen a taller elephant since, although I have seen thicker-set and heavier animals. After the excitement was over, I sat down and had a smoke, and put my little kettle on a fire to brew a cup of tea. I also sent two men off to Mponda's village to call the natives. After photographing the animal, I set to work to get the tusks out by first cutting off the head. The right tusk was slightly broken at the point, and the two measured 6ft. 6in. and 6ft. respectively, and weighed $53\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and 47lb., which is better than the average. Besides the tusks, I took a few of the molars, which make nice paper-weights when cut into slabs. The tail and the feet are also trophies, and are always worth taking. I was very pleased at getting this elephant, for it helped to make up for previous ill-luck, and I had not much trouble to get up to the beast; for two hours is a very short time to spend in spooring a bull. Next day I returned to Fort Manning for a rest, and to see my friends there, who were keen hunters. It is pleasant, sitting over a fire, talking to congenial companions about sport, and to fight our battles with big game over again.



ELEPHANT'S TAIL.



NATIVES CARRYING IMPALA RAM.



IMPALA ♂.
(Shot Near Luangwa River.)

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE ELEPHANTS AND OTHER GAME.

I NOW change the scene from Nyasaland to Northern Rhodesia, which is a much better game country than the former, as a greater number of species are to be found in it, and the game laws are more generous with regard to the number of animals that can be shot. On September 25th, 1905, I left Fort Jameson, which is the headquarters of the Government in North-Eastern Rhodesia. My intended shooting-ground was north-west of Nawalia, a small Government station lying about ten miles west of the Luangwa river. The Luangwa is the largest river found in this country, rising near latitude 10° , which is about level with the north end of Lake Nyasa. It flows south, with a slight westerly course, and joins the Zambesi close to Zumbo on the east bank, and Feira on the west bank.

In the rains it brings down an immense quantity of water, which helps to swell the Zambesi, but in the dry weather it is fordable in many places. During the dry season, when all its smaller tributaries have dried up, the game congregates on both sides of its banks; and there is not a better shooting country left in the world than its vicinity—from June to December.

The principal species likely to be found are elephant, rhino, hippo, buffalo, eland, roan, waterbuck, kudu, zebra, puku, impala, reedbuck, bushbuck, warthog, hartebeest, and other animals. Perhaps the most plentiful of the species mentioned are the impala, puku, and waterbuck, which are particularly abundant. A herd of giraffe also exists, but these are strictly protected. Where game is plentiful there is always a good chance of finding some of the carnivora, such as lions and leopards, although it is generally a matter of luck seeing them, unless they are specially hunted. Many men have lived a long time in the wilds of this country and never had a good chance at a lion or leopard.

Nawalia, the station mentioned, is on the Nyamazi stream, which runs into the Luangwa near Maquechi's village. On the last two days of September I shot a zebra, a warthog, and two Lichtenstein's hartebeest.

The Lichtenstein is the only type of hartebeest that inhabits this country, and in mentioning hartebeest it should be understood that it is this variety that is referred

to. On my way west I stopped at a village named Masumba, which I reached on October 1st. Masumba's village is situated on the Rukusi stream, about which I will have more to say later on, as it is a good shooting place. The trees near the stream were a good size, although water was only found in detached pools at this time of year; in fact, sometimes even pools are wanting, and water has to be obtained by digging in the sandy bottom of the river bed. The Achewa people here were a strongly-built looking lot, and I saw some very good-looking women and children, which were freaks, I suppose, of a generally ugly race of bipeds. On October 4th I reached the Luangwa river, and was very pleased to see its plentiful water supply after passing through so much dried-up country. Getting a guide from a village, I crossed the Luangwa on a man's back, and started out to try to find puku. The guide took me to a lovely dambo with a big pool of water in the middle, which in the wet season probably formed a lagoon or backwater of the Luangwa. I saw here a quantity of game, such as waterbuck, impala, and puku. As I had not yet shot any of the latter species I killed four of them, two having excellent heads. Had I wished I could have killed twenty head that evening, but I was satisfied with picking out the best puku rams. Early next morning I returned to the same place, having slept in a rest house on the east bank of the river. First of all I saw a herd of zebra, a herd of waterbuck, three herds of impala, and a number of puku. All this game was in sight at one time, as I sat on an ant-hill looking round. I tried to pick out the best head of the pukus, but it was a difficult matter. At last I decided on one, and prepared to get closer, but a herd of impala saw me and gave the alarm, and the puku bolted. There was really too much game about for good hunting, for one herd always put the other on the alert. Wishing to push on, I went back to camp to get off my loads.

On getting to a village (headman's name Chipofu), I found two white men there who were prospectors, and were working their way south after having passed through a big stretch of country in their wanderings. These men were working for a big copper company, and, judging from the carefully drawn maps they had made, must have been doing good work. As it is always interesting meeting men who have travelled, I put up my tent and spent that evening yarning to them. Many of these old prospectors have had varied and exciting careers in many lands, and when they can describe their experiences well, as these men could, they are most entertaining companions.

Their conversation sometimes verges on painting things in rather lurid colours, but what would an old prospector be without his "cuss" words. Their hearts are generally in the right place, and that is enough. Wishing them luck, I said good-bye the following morning and went on to Nawalia. The morning of the 8th found

me at Kazembi's village, which is about sixteen miles from Nawalia. I here engaged a man named Chikamagombe, whom I afterwards found to be one of the best native spoorers I have ever seen. Besides being a good spoorer, he was a very plucky man. Next day I was feverish, as tramping along in the fierce heat generally tends to this complaint. However, as I hate sitting in camp when I can manage to walk, I went out and shot three puku, one of them having a very good pair of horns.

Along the Nyamazi stream there is a quantity of a vile spear grass (matete). The points of this grass, or rather reed, are as sharp as needles, and make their presence painfully felt on bare legs; and they are also a danger to the eyes. Tsetse flies swarmed here and bit my legs, and also gave the natives a lively time of it.

A zebra or gnu tail comes in useful for switching off these pests, as their bites are very painful if they touch a nerve. The tsetse does not affect man as it does cattle and other domesticated animals, but it has been proved to be the cause of the spread of sleeping sickness, carrying the germ from one person to another. As long as there is no sleeping sickness about the only harm it does to man is to torture him with its bites. As it is capable of carrying sleeping sickness it can doubtless inoculate human beings with other complaints.

Having tried hard to get an elephant near Kazembi's village, and being unsuccessful, I had moved on about eight miles to Ndombo's village, where there was a nicely kept resthouse for travellers. On the morning of October 12th, I rose an hour before dawn and had left camp behind some distance before the sun rose. Having crossed the Nyamazi stream, we took a line parallel to the water to cut the spoor of any elephants that had drunk there during the night. We saw many well-used elephant paths with fairly recent spoor, but none quite fresh enough to be worth following. At last, after about two hours' walk, we hit off the tracks of a good bull, which we at once followed. Soon we found he had been joined by two others. After a time the spoor took us into a huge unburnt dambo, the grass being twelve feet high in many places. The spoor was easy enough to follow except that the walking was hard owing to a lot of the strong grass having been pressed down across the path.

We were going along when we came on some hot dung, and I knew I would soon see the animals. A little further on we suddenly saw them in front, standing packed together with their sterns towards us. As far as I could make out, there were two bulls and a cow, the largest bull standing in the middle. As they were facing away from me, I could not see their tusks, so I stood against a small sapling and watched them peacefully sleeping. Their ears kept moving, and, occasionally, their tails, and they swayed gently backwards and forwards. The one on the left must

have become conscious of something being wrong, for he turned his head backwards, but without changing the position of his body. His tusks were not very large, but I thought I had better shoot him; so I aimed for the orifice of his ear, and he fell at once. On this occasion I had a big double 10-bore Purdey rifle as a second gun, so I grabbed it and fired at the big one. Both bullets told loudly on his hide somewhere near the shoulder, for I saw the dust fly. He did not seem to mind it, however, and went on quite strong. On looking for the one I had knocked down, I saw his feet waving above the grass as he lay struggling on his back.

Going up close I gave him two more .303 bullets, which finished him, and then took the spoor of the other; but, although I followed it for a long way, I could not come up to him. The one I shot had tusks weighing about 25lb. each, but the tusks of the wounded one must have been twice as heavy. I had not shot many elephants then, and was too keen, and the proper plan would have been to have edged round and got a shot at the big one. I find it is generally the biggest elephant in a herd that gives the worst chance, and it is the greatest mistake to be in too great a hurry to shoot; although, when the wind is shifty, there is not much time to waste.

At the end of the dry season the wind is usually very changeable, especially in the Luangwa valley, and these shifty winds have lost the hunter many good elephants. It is a good thing to keep testing the wind with sand or dry, crushed grass. The elephants often stand in the most unsuitable places for a good shot, and it was so in this case, for I was in a sea of long grass, all tangled and matted underfoot. Any trees that were about were only the smallest saplings, about 6in. in diameter. In such a place the odds are greatly in favour of the elephants, if they are inclined to be nasty; but, luckily for the elephant hunter, the elephant is a timid beast, and almost invariably bolts. There are exceptions, of course, and then one has to shoot very straight indeed.

Chikamagombe had proved very plucky, but the other men did not seem to like it a bit. Their faces changed at once when they were allowed to cut off the trunk and bring it to camp. I took a few photographs and cut off the tail, and came back to the village where I was camped, shooting a nice puku ram on the way, which gave me a long chase before I finally killed him.

He had one of the best heads I got on this trip, the horns measuring 18in. on the curve. I was still feeling weak from fever, but on the morning of the 16th I went out to try my luck. We took a line almost due west, with the Muchinga Mountains showing right ahead. This range stretches in an almost unbroken line along the western side of the Luangwa. We had been plodding along for perhaps



BUSHBUCK ♂.
(Shot in Northern Rhodesia).



BUSHBUCK AND IMPALA RAMS.

an hour or more when one of the men stopped, and pointed at a blackish object among the trees and bushes.

It looked like a blackish-grey rock, but one of the men said he thought it was an elephant. I thought so, too, for by this time I had made out one of its tusks, which was glistening in the sun. The beast was standing quite motionless, so I took Chikamagombe with me, and approached. I could not get very near, owing to the bare nature of the country, so stopped at a tree about seventy yards from the animal. Taking a rest by putting my hand against the tree, I fired for his brain, which was a mistake, for the brain shot should never be tried at a greater distance than forty yards. I hit his head, but not his brain, and he wheeled round and began to move off. I had a .303 rifle, which used to jam after every shot, and I carried a rod with me for pushing out the empty cases. When this operation was over and I had reloaded, the elephant was quite one hundred and fifty yards off, and going strong. Swinging the rifle on his shoulder I again pressed the trigger, and heard the bullet strike him. Watching him, I was overjoyed to see him begin to slow down, and then sway about and sink on his knees. We ran up, and I put two more bullets into his head to make sure, as he took a long time to die. I had made a very lucky shot, for I found my bullet afterwards in the heart.

On examining his head, I found that the first bullet had gone clean through it, too high for his brain. This was the biggest elephant I had yet shot, and his bulk was enormous, as he was a tall and very thickset animal. He fell with his trunk buried under his chest, and in a kneeling position.

On weighing his tusks afterwards, I found them to be $56\frac{3}{4}$ lb. and $52\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

After he had come to the ground, this elephant made most violent efforts to regain his feet, all the time giving vent to deep grunts. One cannot help feeling sorry for a grand beast in mortal pain.

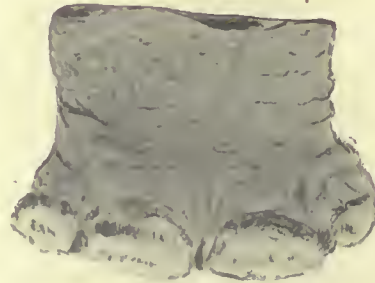
They get a little of their own back occasionally, for it is sometimes the hunter that dies and not the elephant.

One does not feel the same sorrow in killing a dangerous animal as in shooting harmless antelopes, whose dying look of reproach is often remembered for a long time afterwards by the man of kindly nature. After all, one must have meat, and a bullet, if well directed, kills humanely.

Many people who have never tasted the joys of hunting big game decry the hunter, but I wonder if they stop eating their roast beef and boiled mutton.

If they do not kill the harmless bullock and sheep themselves, they are indirectly responsible for their deaths, for if they did not eat meat the butchers would not kill it.

Soon after this I got another elephant and a rhino, the account of the killing of which I will give in the next chapter. I also shot a number of antelope, etc., to keep my numerous retinue in food. I reached Fort Jameson on October 31st, having shot three elephant, one rhino, two zebra, one kudu, seven warthog, two hartebeest, two reedbuck, three roan, fourteen puku, five waterbuck, six impala, one bushbuck, one klipspringer, and one crocodile—Total, forty-nine head.



ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

CHAPTER IX.

A TOUGH RHINO.

THE black rhinoceros is very plentiful on both sides of the Luangwa river, and in every other part of Northern Rhodesia, where the country suits it. They prefer wild country away from villages and the habitations of men. Although they usually drink every twenty-four hours, they are often seen some distance from water. Usually they prefer rough, hilly country with plenty of thorn bushes about, for this species feed mostly on these trees, and seldom eat grass. On October 14th, 1905, I was following elephant spoor, which led up a long valley towards the Muchinga Mountains. As I went along I passed successively waterbuck, puku, wart-hog, and a big herd of kudu, composed solely of females. The waterbuck and puku I saw near the Nyamazi stream, which I had walked along for some distance on the elephant spoor. After going along for perhaps three hours, I was just thinking of resting for a few minutes, as the sun was terribly hot, when we saw two grey-coloured animals walking in the timber, across our front. As they came past I saw they were rhinos, so as the elephants still seemed to be some way ahead I determined to try and shoot one.

I ran to the right to intercept them, and stood near a solid tree, on which I rested the rifle, taking care, of course, that the barrel did not touch the tree, as the jar would have sent the bullet wide.

When they passed, about sixty yards off, I saw one was a female and the other a three-quarter grown calf. The female showed a good horn, so I confined my attentions to her, and fired for her shoulder as she stopped to break a branch from a thorn tree. The bullet struck her with the familiar "phut," and she ran towards me, but on receiving another bullet somewhere near the base of her neck she turned off, followed closely by the younger animal. After getting the cartridge out of my '303 and reloading, I ran after her. She took me along at a good pace, and I was very pleased when she stopped and looked round. She got another bullet, and did not seem to mind it in the least, for she started off as hard as ever.

On getting up to her again, I took the 10-bore Purdey rifle I had with me and climbed the sloping sides of an ant-hill, about forty yards from her. I fired at her shoulder and promptly fell backwards, for I was sitting on a slope.

After my men and I had finished laughing, I saw the stern of the rhino disappearing in the bush, the young one still keeping with her. Grabbing the '303 again, I followed hard, as I knew she could not go very far with the wounds she had received, for they seemed to have gone about the right place. To make a long story short, this game went on for some time, but at last she dropped, and I was able to rest after one of the hardest runs I have ever had. What had happened was this, I think. The first bullet had paralysed her nervous system, the shock preventing her feeling the subsequent wounds, for most of them had gone into her shoulder and the base of her neck. I have seen the same thing happen on several occasions to antelopes, for at times it is marvellous the wounds that animals can carry off.

The rhino seems to be feared by the natives of this country more than any other animal. He certainly looks a bad-tempered beast, and his appearance is against him, for he generally has a fierce look about him when disturbed, and behaves in a fussy manner when he is startled. He has a habit, too, of breaking up his dung with his horns and feet, and the natives say that this is a sign that he is fierce and ill-tempered.

I think they are more harmless beasts to tackle than an elephant, buffalo, lion, or leopard; and as a rule they are very easily killed with modern weapons, for one or two small-bore bullets generally prove quite sufficient. That they sometimes charge when unwounded is a fact, for my friend Capt. C. H. Stigand was badly hurt by one of these animals which he came on in some long grass. On this occasion there were two of them, and the male attacked my friend and knocked him down, giving him a very dangerous wound in the chest. The rhino left him, and returned two or three times, before it disappeared for good. There is no saying what an animal will do under given circumstances, as animals differ in their temperaments almost as much as human beings. But to get back to my own rhino. When I wanted to photograph it, I found the man whose work it was to carry the camera had left it in camp, so he had the pleasure of a ten-miles' run for it. As I knew it would be quite four hours before he could cover the twenty miles, I got the men to make me a shelter of branches and leaves, and lay down to have a sleep. I suppose I had rested about five hours when the men woke me up and said they heard shouting in the distance. Soon after this we saw an animal running in our direction, and when it got closer we made out a good roan bull coming towards us. I missed it the first shot with the '303, but another attempt was more successful, for I hit it near the spine and it came down. Before I could get close it recovered itself and struggled on for about two hundred yards, when it lay down in a small hollow.

As the men with the camera had come up, for they had driven the roan towards



CUTTING OFF ELAND'S HEAD.



RHINO ♀.
(Shot in Northern Rhodesia).

me, I took it, and got two snapshots of the animal before I finished it with a bullet in the neck. The men had brought a kettle and some tea and scones, and while coming along had found some delicious honey which they had brought along, too, in a bent piece of bark.

Being rather hungry, I made a good meal and, after cutting off the roan's head and letting the men take the meat, I started back to camp, killing a warthog and a waterbuck on the way. The former was a long shot, the bullet striking it in the chest and killing it at once.

I only wounded the waterbuck, but he stood again, when I hit him in the lungs, and he only managed to run about a hundred yards, falling dead in some long grass. The lung shot is very deadly for all game, although they generally run some way before falling dead.

When animals are hit through the heart they usually dash off at a quick pace, and fall after going a short distance.

A bullet in the brain, neck, or spine always drops game where they stand. I prefer the shoulder shot for all antelopes, for the bone will be broken and splinters sent into the cavity of the body. For elephants the brain shot is the neatest, for when properly struck the beast collapses. Unless very close it presents a difficult target, and should not be tried unless the beast is broadside on. A facing head-shot at an elephant is most difficult on account of the sloping forehead. Some men make a point of only shooting for the heart, and certainly fewer elephants will be lost with this shot than the one at the brain. If an elephant escapes after being hit in the head he will seldom die, but this is not so with beasts hit in the body.

It seldom pays to follow a wounded elephant or rhino far, for they keep going until they drop, and do not lie down like most other animals after going for a short way. Mr. Selous mentions this, and I have found it to be so in nearly every case.

The following day I sent most of my men out to bring in the meat of the rhino, and also his head and feet.

While I am writing about rhinos, I may mention another which I shot recently which had grown a third horn, or the signs of one, for behind the usual posterior horn there was a knob about the size of a small fowl's egg. In time this might have developed into a third horn, for it was composed of the same substance as the other horns and was quite as hard. I have heard of three other cases of the same thing, but Mr. Selous, who devotes a whole chapter to the two species of rhinos found in Africa, in his "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," does not mention a similar case, so I

think it cannot be common. If it were common such a keen observer would have noticed it.*

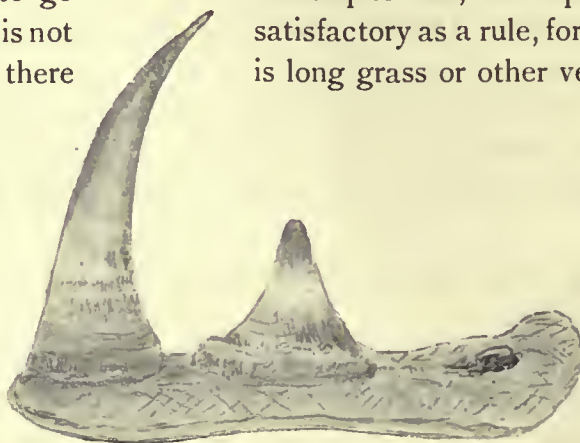
I have kept the horns and part of the head-skin showing the two horns and knob, as I think it is interesting.

Rhinos are easier beasts to get up to than elephants or buffalo, and although their sight is poor, their senses of hearing and smell are acute. There is not much fear of their becoming extinct for many years, for, being very well distributed in this country and inhabiting very out-of-the-way places, they are not molested.

The flesh of the rhino is pretty tough eating, and it is often found to be full of maggots, which do not tend to make it appetising. Their skin is very thick, but not so thick as a hippo's, but is closer in the grain and makes better whips. Their horns vary considerably, and sometimes the posterior horn will be found longer than the anterior.

This variation made old hunters give the beasts different names, but it has almost been conclusively proved that there are only two species of rhino in the whole of Africa.

The horns of rhinos do not seem to attain a large size in this country, and I never heard of one being shot that measured over 25in., whereas in East Africa and Uganda they grow much larger. An old beast soon wears its horns down, but they generally keep them fairly sharp. Rhino spoor is very easy to follow, for their hoofs are not very large considering the size of their bodies, and as long as they keep to soft ground they can be easily spooried; but, of course, on rocky ground tracking them is more difficult. They always lie down to sleep, and if one is found in this position it is a simple matter to go close up to him; but it pays to put him up, as a shot at an animal lying is not satisfactory as a rule, for one cannot locate the vital organs properly if there is long grass or other vegetation round him.



RHINO HORNS
(Showing growth behind posterior horn).

* Mr. Rowland Ward, in "Records of Big Game," mentions one that was killed having five distinct horns. This, of course, is quite exceptional.

CHAPTER X.

A BOAT VOYAGE ON THE ZAMBESI.

HAVING arrived at Chinde, on the East Coast of Africa, for the second time, I decided to go into North-Eastern Rhodesia, *viâ* Tete, on the Zambesi. I had previously done two or three voyages by houseboat on that river, and once had come all the way from Tete to Chinde by boat.

This time I took a river steamer as far as a place called Mutarara, where I had arranged that a houseboat with men should meet me.

Chinde is anything but a nice place to stay in, for the township is built on a sandbank, and in the dry weather it is hard work getting about, as one sinks above the ankles at every step, and the weather is generally hot.

The place looks unhealthy, but, unless a land breeze blows, there is nearly always a nice wind from the sea. To reach Chinde from the ocean steamers it is necessary to tranship on to a small tug, which can only cross the bar of the river at high water.

There is a British concession in Chinde which forms a square, inside which are the consulate and the stores and offices of various trading firms.

Goods pass into the concession free and pay duty at Chiromo, which is the customs station for Nyasaland. There are two British hotels in the place, one called Murray's Hotel, and the other a building belonging to the African Lakes Corporation, Limited. The charges at these places are 12s. 6d. a day, for which the visitor receives good board and lodging.

Very few people stay in Chinde for pleasure, and except the people whose work obliges them to stay there the others are only passers-through on their way either to Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, or Portuguese territory.

On my arrival on September 25th, 1906, I engaged a passage on the sternwheeler *Hamburg*. On the way to Mutarara I took a walk ashore with my rifle whenever I got the opportunity, but did not have much luck, as game is not very plentiful near the river.

I saw hippo on several occasions, and shot one which I believe I killed, but the steamer began to whistle for me; so I had to leave it, telling the natives to look out for it. We reached Mutarara on October 7th, and I was

not sorry to say good-bye to the steamer, as we were carrying a number of Portuguese soldiers whose dirty habits are anything but agreeable. Finding my houseboat ready, I got my kit on board, after having lunch with the agent of the Zambesi Company (a Portuguese concern). He was very kind and obliging, as most Portuguese officials are when treated properly.

A houseboat is fairly large as a rule, and, as its name implies, it has a house or cabin at the stern, in which the traveller rests and sleeps. In good-sized boats this cabin will permit of a deck chair being put up, and there is also room for a bundle or two and a box.

The boat is propelled by men, who use long bamboo poles, or, where the water is too deep for this mode of progression, paddles are used instead. Going up-stream, poles are generally used, but when coming fast down-stream the men keep the boat in the deep water and use the paddles. They become very proficient in the use of both, and even against a strong current get along at a fair pace. On the 8th I killed two crocodiles, but neither of them was very large. The biggest crocodile I ever saw was one I hit from the steamer, and I thought I had killed it, and was just preparing to make certain with another shot when two of the Portuguese soldiers blazed away and frightened him into the water, their bullets hitting the sand far above him. I don't know what he measured, but he looked half as big again as the largest I ever measured on the Zambesi, the length of which was 14ft.

The captain of the steamer, who had been on the river for some time, said he had never seen a bigger, and I wish I had killed him to make sure of his length, which I firmly believe was close on 20ft.

On the day I shot the two crocs the pole was taken out of one of the boatmen's hands by one of these animals. I saw him drop his pole and strike some hard substance at the bottom. Next moment he was almost dragged into the water, as something, which could only have been a crocodile, had grabbed his pole. The animal soon let it go, and we recovered the pole and went on.

At this time of year the river is at its lowest, and the only means of travel is by houseboat or canoe.

I have often thought it would pay a man to run a small launch on the river, to transport passengers up and down, for houseboats are very slow going up-stream.

We usually slept on an island; and if there was no firewood there we used to bring it from one of the banks. The men slept ashore, and I under my mosquito net in the little cabin. These pests are always numerous on the Zambesi, and their unceasing attentions in the evening are the only drawback to a river trip.

There is a fly called the "hippo" fly, which annoys one during the day. Its



BULL ELEPHANT.
(Shot in Northern Rhodesia. Tusks 56lb. and 53lb.)



CUTTING OUT IVORY.

bite is sometimes painful when it touches a nerve; but these are so few and far between that they are hardly noticed.

Next day I was lucky enough to shoot a bushbuck which tried to swim the river. Some natives had been hunting it on the bank, and we saw it take the water.

As I would not have got it but for the natives, I presented them with a leg, at which they seemed delighted, as I suppose they expected nothing. In the evening I shot another crocodile, which the boatmen kept for eating. Most of the Zambesi tribes eat crocodiles and snakes.

When the men were happy they used to sing as they poled or paddled along, and in the quiet of evening the sound was not unpleasing, for natives have often good voices. Over the camp fire, in the evenings, one man used to play the marimba very well. This native musical instrument is simply made from a hollow gourd, with a piece of hard wood tied tightly on, which forms the keyboard. The keys are made of rough hammered native iron. Their repertoire of tunes is not great, but any music sounds pleasant on a still night in the wilds of Africa. About 4 p.m. every day a strong, easterly breeze used to get up, and this helped the pace a bit. I remember, coming down-stream, having often to stop on account of this wind, which used to raise quite a sea, against which the men could not paddle or pole.

I reached a likely-looking country for game on the 12th, so I stopped and went ashore with a few of the men.

We had not been walking long when we saw a ram bushbuck feeding. I ought to have killed it, as it presented an easy shot; but I was using a new rifle, which I did not know well. Instead of hitting it in the shoulder, I only broke one of its hind legs, and had to chase it for some distance before I managed to bag it. Sending men off with it to the boat, I went on, and after going some considerable way, spotted a herd of impala rams. I managed, with a little difficulty, to get within eighty yards of them, and this time made a better shot, for I killed the best beast in the herd.

Bringing along the impala, we went back to the boat, where I had lunch, while the men cut up the meat and stowed it away, for future use, in the bottom of the boat.

The following day I came on a herd of hippos, which were tamer than one would expect to find here, as they have been much persecuted for some years. The Portuguese whom I lunched with at Mutarara had told me to shoot as many hippo as I could, as they had been upsetting boats lately, and a few natives had been drowned. It is a shame shooting at them from boats or steamers, for it is quite difficult enough hitting them in the right place from a steady position on land. Most of the people who blaze away at hippos have not the faintest idea of where to hit them, nor is it possible to judge distance correctly from a boat. There is hardly an old hippo left in

the Zambesi that cannot show old or recent bullet wounds. As I wished to make good shooting, I got out of the houseboat and approached the herd by running towards them, only moving when all the big heads were under water. In this way I got to within about twenty yards of the nearest. When they came up all the heads were looking my way. I fired four shots, and killed four of them. Having shot a number before, I knew from the way they sank that they were killed. I could have finished up the whole herd, which consisted of twelve animals, but I thought four were quite sufficient. The sun and water were warm, and I knew they would be up in an hour, so during the wait I walked back to the boat to get under shelter, and to have some tea. On this occasion I was using a little .303 single falling-block rifle, by Fraser, Edinburgh, and I used to do some very straight shooting with this light, well-sighted weapon.

Penetration is all that is necessary for killing hippo, or, indeed, any large, hard-boned animal; and to use heavy-bore cordite rifles is only to burden oneself with extra weight to carry about. As I expected, the hippos all rose in about an hour, and I had some trouble in getting them all dragged together, as they had stranded in different parts of the river. After getting them in a good position I photographed them, and then cut off their heads. By this time the natives had arrived in numbers, and after getting them to promise to bring me a few fowls and eggs I gave them permission to cut away. However, I ought to have got the fowls and eggs first, for only one man turned out to be honest, and he brought ten eggs, half of which were only suitable for election purposes. As there are no elections on the Zambesi, I gave them to the crocodiles.

A cutting-up scene, whether on an elephant, rhino, or hippo, always amuses me immensely, for it is then possible to study one of the worst traits in the natives' character—greed. However, they seldom come to blows, and that is one good point in their favour.

Next morning, as no fowls or eggs, except the few mentioned, had turned up, I went on. The previous night the eight remaining animals in the herd had evidently smelt the flesh of their dead comrades, for they kept near the boat most of the night. At one time I thought they intended trying to break the boat, and got the natives to light grass fires, which drove them off, helped, doubtless, by two shots I fired at the dusky form of one which came within about ten yards.

Owing these hippos a grudge, I fired at one soon after I started in the morning and told the native who had tried to be honest that it was his when it rose, for it sank a dead animal.

My boatman found old bullet wounds in all the four hippos, and brought me a



Photo by G. Garden.

BUFFALO ♂.

Snider bullet which had flattened on the hard skull, and only penetrated the skin of one of them.

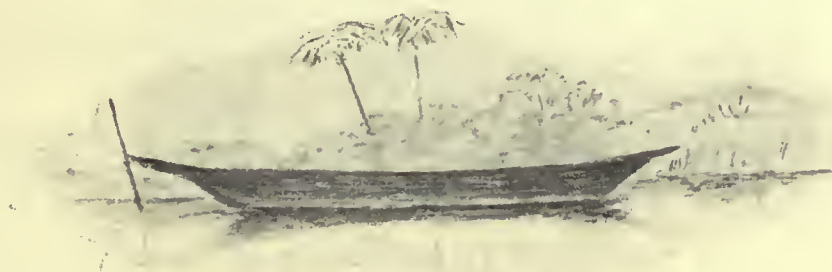
I passed a Portuguese fort on the south bank which the boatmen told me was Nacolu. I suppose the Portuguese here have target practice on the poor hippos, and the presence of the Snider bullet showed that at least one man had been trying his skill.

The boat now being heavily laden with heads, hides, and meat, we did not make such good progress, and did not get very far that day. Two natives who overtook us in a dugout said that the hippo I had shot in the morning before starting had come up dead, so I am glad it was not wounded. That made five with consecutive bullets, and I suppose it will be some time before the natives here get such another good and cheap feed.

The 14th found me as far as a place named Bandar, which is a small telegraph station situated close to the eastern entrance of the Lupata gorge. Here the river flows between precipitous rocks, where the current during the rainy season must be very swift.

That night I slept on a sandbank close to a place I spent a night in the previous December, and where I had eaten my Christmas dinner, which consisted of a slice of hippo with a little rice and tea. I remember thinking it was not quite as good as roast turkey, plum pudding, and other luxuries, but it was eaten amidst wilder and more romantic surroundings.

I reached Tete on October 16th, and in the following chapter will describe my march to Fort Jameson in Northern Rhodesia.



NATIVE DUGOUT ON THE ZAMBESI.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM TETE TO FORT JAMESON.

TETE has often been described in books of travel, and there is really nothing interesting about the place, although it has been in existence for about four hundred years.

Its importance waned with the passing of the slave trade, for it was the chief centre on the Zambesi for that nefarious traffic. The town is built on some rising ground on the south bank of the river, and at a distance it looks rather pretty; but closer inspection proves it to be a dirty, evil-smelling place, for its sanitary arrangements have received little or no attention from the authorities.

After getting together sufficient carriers, I got away on October 19th, 1906, and transported my loads across the Zambesi in a big boat belonging to the African Lakes Corporation, which concern has an agent stationed in Tete. That day I did a short trek of about fifteen miles, as it is always advisable to give the carriers an easy day to begin with, until they become accustomed to their loads. The heat in the Zambesi valley at this time of year can only be described as terrific. The burning rays of the sun heated the rocks and hard earth so much that at times the carriers had to stop under the shade of a tree. Even with boots on it was almost unbearable, and any metal such as a rifle barrel got so hot that it meant burning one's fingers to touch it.

I had to take my boots off on several occasions to cool my feet. The carriers had to put green leaves between the tin boxes and their hands. As I did not have a thermometer with me I cannot say what the heat registered.

October is about the hottest month here, and, as it can be imagined, the great heat soon evaporates most of the water, and one has to go long distances between the water-holes.

The second day I passed into a pretty valley with a perennial stream, and here I found big groves of mango trees which were planted, I believe, by Jesuit missionaries some hundreds of years ago. Passing here the previous December I had some glorious feeds of the luscious fruit, but at this time (October) they were not ripe. I was now on the look out for game, for I had not yet been lucky enough to see any since leaving Tete, but on the 22nd, while walking along ahead of the carriers,



WARTHOGS.
(Shot in Northern Rhodesia.)



GOOD WARTHOG SKULL.

I saw a bull hartebeest standing among the trees. As we were all meat hungry, I determined to shoot him, so I tried to get closer.

He saw me, however, and ran off; so I got on the spoor and followed him. As he was not much scared he let me get within a couple of hundred yards, so I tried a shot just as he was starting off again and was lucky enough to hit him hard. The poor animal struggled on, but I ran into him and killed him with another bullet. We then cut him up and, the meat being equally distributed among the different loads, went on. Next day, hearing water was very scarce along the main path to Fort Jameson, I branched off to the eastward by a native path and reached the Chiritse stream. Once while on a shooting trip to the north-east, I had reached the headwaters of this pretty stream, where it flows out of some rough hills.

On the following day I saw a herd of impala, but I could not get near enough for a good shot, and the bullet I fired missed the mark. I always arrange the day's march as follows: Before sunrise I am called, and have a cup of tea or two and a little food; then the tent comes down and is rolled up, each carrier taking off his load and tying on his own impedimenta, which usually consists of a mat and perhaps a cooking-pot, and a few cobs of chimanga (maize), or a leather bag with ufa (flour).

I march ahead so as not to miss a chance at game, and keep going for two or three hours until I come to water, or, if none is found, I use some of what I always carry in bottles or in a canvas water-bag. I rest for about an hour and have tea, and make a better meal than I do early in the morning. Sometimes the men cook their nsima (porridge) or eat some they have cooked the night before.

This rest does us all good, and we get on until about midday, when the distance covered will be from eighteen to twenty-five miles, if the start has been made very early.

The heat was so great that I sometimes did night marches by moonlight, or started about 3 a.m. However, the path was often so rough and difficult to see in the shade of the trees that I preferred starting about 5 a.m., for marching at night cuts the carriers' feet about, and one is very apt to sprain an ankle stumbling along in the semi-darkness. As there is nothing much to do in the evenings, one is generally in bed by 8 p.m. The day's march is tiring, and it is easy to sleep through the night, unless awakened by the cries of some nocturnal animal which has smelt out the meat and paid a call. The 25th saw me as far as the Ruio stream, and I shot a warthog on the morning of that day, and missed another which I ought to have also bagged.

The Ruio was only in pools, which were full of mudfish. I had caught some of these in the Chiritse, and the pools here were full of them, so I got out a hook and

caught a number, which proved a pleasant change after perpetual meat and fowl. As the tent was too hot during the midday heat, I used to get the men to put up a msasa (shelter) made of branches and grass, under which I had a rest after the morning march. About 4 o'clock, when the heat of the sun was beginning to decrease, I would take my rifle and three or four men and go off to try to find game.

After striking the Ruio I passed many tributaries of that stream, and reached water every day. Before coming to these streams I had often to carry water in my bath and various cooking utensils, so as to give the men enough. One does not appreciate the blessing of good water until such a dry country is gone through. I can remember on my way south having had to spend a day and a night without it. Hunger can be endured for some time, and does not trouble one like thirst, which worries one until relieved.

Although parts of this country are very dry and waterless during the months of September, October, and November, it is seldom that the traveller has to go for more than a day without water, and precautions can generally be taken beforehand. Unless one has natives who know the country ahead, the information of villagers as to the whereabouts of water should always be disbelieved, and some carried in case of want.

Certain pools which may hold water one season may be as dry as a bone the following year; and I know nothing so disappointing in hard travel as to come to a pool, thirsty, hungry, and needing rest, and find it dry.

The carriers under such circumstances generally sit down and say they will die, and, on several occasions, I have had to literally force them to go on.

On the 25th I passed a range of hills the natives called Sacari, and some of the higher peaks were quite 4000 feet in height. Many villages are to be seen near the Ruio and its tributaries, so I was able to buy eggs for salt, or barter meat for them. At one village I was lucky enough to get some onions and sweet potatoes. Perhaps of all the foods the traveller misses most here are fresh vegetables, so when they can be procured the chance should not be missed.

I got a bushbuck on the 26th, which helped to put the men in a good humour after the hot marches.

Too much meat is as bad as too little for the natives, as they generally make beasts of themselves when they get much of it. With meat they can barter sweet potatoes, flour, ground nuts, etc., from the natives. At times these market scenes are rather amusing, for they squabble over the merest trifles.

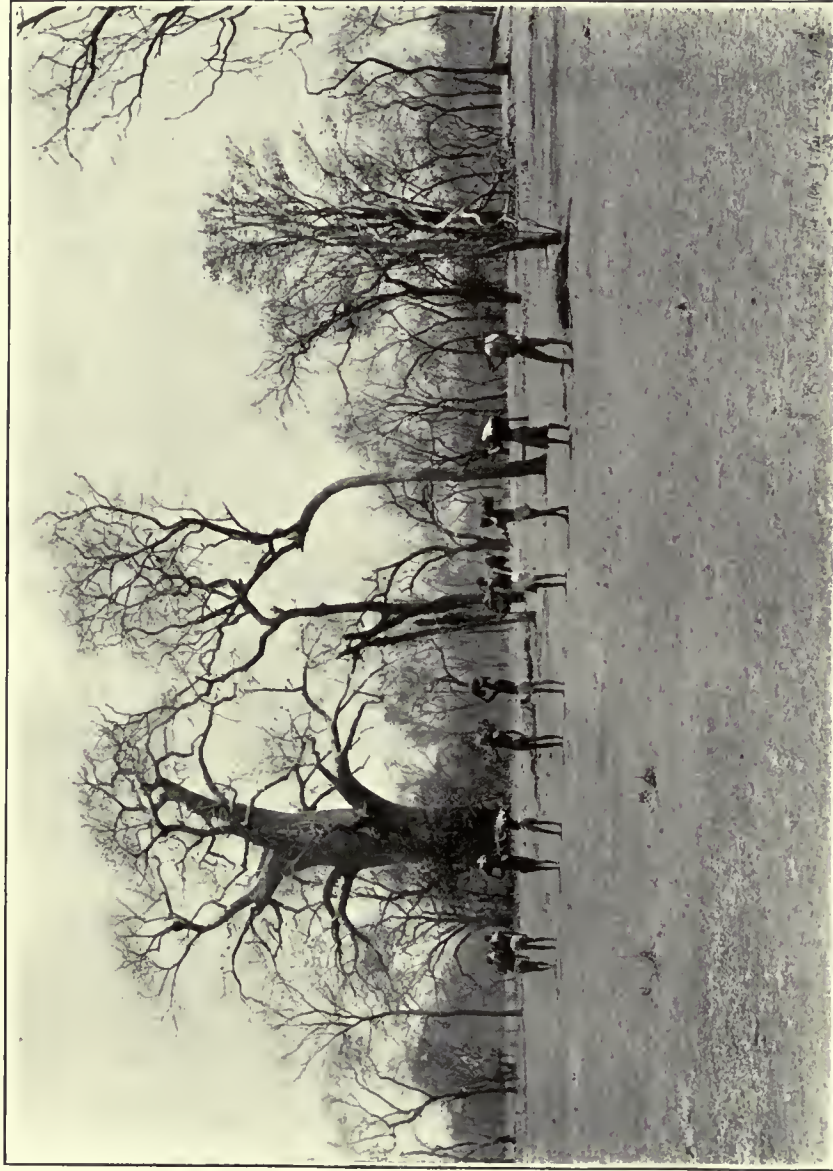


Photo by G. Garder.

A FAVOURITE HAUNT OF THE IMPALA.

Natives can never come to any arrangement over anything without a long talk, and, as in other lands, the gentler sex usually put in their fair share of the chattering.

I reached the valley of the Mangazi stream on the 27th, passing through higher and more hilly country before I got there. I saw very little game, but an old male baboon sat on a rock and seemed interested to see us pass. As his mortal remains would have been of no use to me I left him in peace.

In the villages in this valley the Portuguese were busy collecting sonko (hut-tax), and frequent screams, and the wailing of women and children, showed that their presence was anything but appreciated. Near the British border line few villages will be found on the Portuguese side, as most of the natives have thought it advisable to live under a more settled and better regulated form of Government than is to be found in Portuguese territory. Their system of prazos is often iniquitous, for the holder of the prazo tries to squeeze as much as possible out of the poor native, whose only way of escape is to emigrate into British territory, where, after paying his annual hut-tax, he is free to do what he likes.

While walking along on the 28th, I crossed fairly recent buffalo spoor, so sent my carriers on to the nearest village and followed the buffalo. After spending some hours at it, the spoor brought me round again and crossed the path, so I gave it up and went on to find my loads. The natives in Portuguese territory kill the game, as the Portuguese themselves are not often very fond of the hard exercise that big game shooting entails. In many parts of the bush I came on newly made pitfalls, and in some villages saw numbers of game nets and dogs. Some of these nets were very strong, and I should imagine would hold any animal except elephant, rhino, buffalo, and eland. They set up the nets in narrow places and drive the country with their dogs. Often they will make long fences of logs and branches, which form wings, the nets being placed at the apex. A few men, armed with spears and bows and arrows, will conceal themselves near and kill the game when it gets entangled in the nets.

Unless in parts of Portuguese territory that are uninhabited, I have always found game very scarce, and when seen extremely wary.

On several occasions I have seen natives shoot at a buck with a bow and arrow, but I never saw them kill anything; and I believe they get most of the game with the help of their nets and pariah-like dogs. Although these animals look thin and starved, they have great powers of endurance, and help their masters to kill many a pig and small antelope. Natives invariably treat their dogs shamefully, and at the

end of the dry season, when food is scarce, these poor animals walk about like living shadows.

On the 29th I got into British territory, and reached Fort Jameson on October 31st, having taken twelve days to come from Tete, which is about two hundred and sixty miles from Fort Jameson by the route I followed. Soon after I left on a shooting trip to the north, where I bagged an elephant and a considerable amount of other game.



BUFFALO FOOT



ROAN ANTELOPE BULL.
(Shot in Nyasaland.)



WOUNDED ROAN BULL.
(Shot in N. Rhodesia.)

CHAPTER XII.

REMARKS ON THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT AND ITS TUSKS.

THE elephant of Africa is still more plentiful than many people imagine, for they still haunt large tracts of country in the wilder parts of Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and Portuguese East Africa.

Most of the larger bulls are getting shot out, but there are still great numbers of young bulls, cows, and calves; and, under the present game restrictions, it will be many years indeed before the elephant ceases to exist in this part of Africa.

Nowadays the old bull elephant is not such a fool as many people suppose, for he has learned, through constant persecution, to take care of himself.

Before elephants were hunted as much as they are at the present day, they were easy beasts to get up to, but within the last few years they have been harried to such an extent that they now trek farther before settling down to rest. In their natural lives they fear no enemy but man, and the smell of one of those bipeds is enough to cause an elephant to go fifty miles without stopping.

Elephant hunting is the hardest sport that exists. I mean, of course, elephant shooting on foot, for it is only on foot that elephants can be followed in this country.

The hunter lives poorly, as probably he will have run out of most of his luxuries, such as flour, tea, sugar, and salt. (These are termed the plainest necessities at home.) With constant hard work and discomforts he will probably be feeling feverish or overworked. Under these conditions, to follow an elephant for mile after mile under the scorching rays of an October sun, through the roughest of country, may, I think, be called the most arduous of sports.

Then, when the animal is within range, one has to shoot with great accuracy; and, perhaps, if the animal is only wounded, have an exhausting run after him. Until a man has experienced elephant hunting in tropical Africa, I do not consider he knows what hard sport means. Perhaps markhor, ibex, or Rocky Mountain sheep shooting may be as hard, as far as physical exercise is concerned, but these sports are experienced in a cold climate with a plentiful water supply, and the game is not dangerous.

The elephant hunter's principal suffering will be the want of good cold water, for any he can carry soon gets tepid and almost undrinkable, to anyone except a man

with a thirst such as his. There are the disappointments, too, for the hunter may follow for over twenty miles, and the wind may shift, or a twig may snap as he goes up to the game, and send it off. The man who sits in an easy chair at home with a cigar in his mouth, and a cool whisky and soda at his elbow, would be the last to decry the elephant or big-game hunter if he knew what it means to hunt here during the months of September, October, and November; or to follow elephants during the rainy season through swamps, mud, and swollen streams, with a tropical rain trying its best to convert everything into pulp.

But enough, for I will now try to describe a few of the main characteristics of the elephant and his habits, some of which I have previously touched on.

The elephant's strongest sense is his smell, and I believe he could smell a man at a distance of at least half a mile. His hearing is fairly acute, but his sight very poor indeed; and under certain circumstances it would be quite possible to go up to within a yard or two of an elephant. Elephants seem to spend the greater part of the night in feeding and drinking, and they may keep this up until eight or nine o'clock in the morning. In parts where they are much molested they will be off before daylight to the places they intend to "stand" during the heat of the day. They will travel steadily until about midday, and will likely pick some cool spot to rest. Elephants usually sleep standing, but I have seen places where they have lain down. My friend Mr. T. A. Barns shot one while resting in this way. He was going along on the spoor of a good bull, and as he approached a big ant-heap he heard the sound of snores from behind it, and on looking round he was surprised to see the bull elephant stretched on its side asleep. My friend put up his rifle and pressed the trigger, but was dismayed to hear the snap of a missfire. The sound awakened the elephant, and he prepared to rise, but another cartridge was quickly pumped into the chamber, and this went off all right and dropped "Jumbo." It is not every hunter that has the luck to get a chance like this, and also to see the interesting sight of an elephant lying down to sleep.

As I have before mentioned, the elephants of this country often rout up the ground for roots. Although this is common, the elephants feed mostly on leaves and fruit, picked from the trees, and occasionally grass.

The Indian elephant's favourite food is grass, reeds, and cane, but the African elephant mainly feeds on leaves and fruits, although they are very fond of invading the natives' gardens and eating the green or dried stalks of maize, millet, and other cereals.

Parts of the country will often be seen which have been completely devastated by elephants, with hardly a tree left standing. A full-grown bull elephant can break



Photo by G. Garden.

BRINGING A LEOPARD TO CAMP.

a tree fully 15 in. in diameter, and I have given a photo of such an occurrence. Although they do not usually attack such big trees as this, they sometimes do so. Perhaps they feel that they need a little strenuous exercise to keep their trunk muscles in good working order. In districts that elephants have inhabited for a long time, beaten tracks or paths will be noticed, some of these being beautifully chosen.

An elephant invariably finds the easiest gradient, and paths over and round hills will have been so carefully selected that they might be the work of a skilled civil engineer instead of the work of animals.

As to the height of the African elephant, there is no doubt that some of the old bulls attain a shoulder height of over 11 ft. Mr. T. A. Barns shot two of over 11 ft., and one of these animals can now be seen in the Central Hall of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, beautifully set up by Mr. Rowland Ward. Underneath the elephant will be seen the stuffed form of the elephant-nosed shrew, as a comparison between the largest and smallest mammals known. As one stands and looks up at the mighty animal, it often strikes one as extraordinary that they can be so easily killed with a modern small-bore, such as a .256 Mannlicher rifle, shooting a bullet weighing one hundred and fifty-eight grains. However, accidents sometimes happen, for within the last four years I know of three fatalities caused by elephants. These were white men; and I have also heard of a number of natives having been killed. The sport of elephant shooting is, therefore, not all one-sided, as I mentioned before.

A charging elephant is not difficult to turn or stop, as a rule, but of course there may be an exception at any time. I consider the lion, leopard, and buffalo much more dangerous beasts to tackle than either the elephant or rhino, but this is only a matter of opinion.

I have only been properly charged twice by elephants; on the first occasion he turned on receiving a bullet at close quarters, and on the other occasion I killed the animal in his stride with a lucky brain shot from a .303 rifle.

When one shoots at an elephant in a herd the animals often break away in all directions, and it sometimes happens that they come straight for the hunter, in which case he has to take cover or clear out of the way. It is a dangerous thing to run straight away from the animals, for there is nothing that will bring them on sooner than seeing a man running in front of them. In parts of the country, such as the Luangwa valley, where the herds of elephants make a habit of invading the natives' gardens, they get very bold, and lose their instinctive fear of man, as the natives always get out of their way. These garden elephants are the worst to hunt on this account, and it was one of those animals that came for me on being wounded.

Although there can be no doubt that the elephants of this part of Africa grow as

large bodies as any to be found in other parts of the continent, their tusks do not attain the weight of ivory to be found in the Equatorial regions to the north. I have only seen two pairs of tusks which weighed over 100lb. for each tusk, and one of these weighed 118lb. when shot. For many years the heaviest tusk known weighed 184lb., but this has been exceeded by two tusks which weigh respectively 235lb. and 226½lb.

The former of these beautiful trophies belongs to Sir Edmund Loder, who owns (or owned, perhaps) the 184lb. tusk. The 226½lb. tusk is in the South Kensington Museum. All these tusks came from Equatorial Africa and were probably killed by Swahili or native hunters. The length of the 235lb. tusk is 10ft. 4in., with a circumference of 26in.

The longest tusk known is one that measures 11ft. 5½in., with a circumference of 18½in.

Perhaps the largest tusker shot by a white man was one killed by Major Powell Cotton in the Congo, which gave a weight of 372lb. for the pair, the larger tusk weighing 198lb., 25in. circumference, and 9ft. long. It must have been a pleasant moment for the hunter when he stood and looked at such a trophy.

The late Mr. A. H. Neumann, who probably killed three times as many elephants as any man, shot a number of elephants with tusks weighing over 100lb. each, but he never shot one over 120lb.

A big tusker is just as easy to kill as a moderate one, and, in fact, some of the bull elephants bearing the heaviest tusks are smaller in the body than ordinary tuskers. The same applies to antelopes, for I have often found that the beasts with the finest horns are generally moderately sized animals.

Mr. Neumann, in his book "Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa," gives the standing height of some of his biggest bulls, and the largest he mentions was 10ft. 9in. at the shoulder.

A big pair of elephant tusks, if they are long and gracefully shaped, form one of the finest trophies the sportsman can hope to get; and it is still quite possible that a record tusker haunts the dark forest of the Congo, or some of the untrodden wilds of Equatorial Africa. The hunter that has the luck to shoot him will be envied. I think there is a great deal of luck connected with getting big tusks, for sometimes men who have never shot an elephant stumble on a large one at once, when other men who have shot elephants for years may never have got anything bigger than a sixty-pounder. It is the same with record horns.

When approaching elephants it is a mistake to take more than one man, and the others ought to be left behind to await events. If the wind is steady, never be in a



POOL IN THE KAPOCHE RIVER.



THE LUANGWA RIVER, NORTHERN RHODESIA.
(Looking North.)

great hurry to shoot, but wait until the beast presents a good position for the brain or body shot. The brain shot is the neater and most decisive one, for if hit properly the animal collapses at once. If an elephant drops and utters even the slightest cry, shoot again quickly, for an elephant shot in the brain never has time to give vent to a sound. With the heart shot the animal may run any distance between forty and four hundred yards, and will naturally have to be followed quickly, for one never can tell exactly if the heart has been struck, and it is always advisable to shoot at the beast until he comes down. Even when down on his knees or side, he may have the strength to get up again, especially from the knee position. Once an animal lies flat on his side he is usually a "goner," so to speak, but this is not an invariable rule.

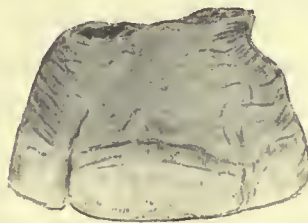
Many good elephants have been lost through neglecting to shoot until they are dead, and cases have been known of apparently dead elephants getting up in the night and going off.

A wounded elephant or rhino usually walks on until he drops, and it is seldom that such an animal is recovered unless he is overtaken quickly. In the olden days, when a hunter could kill as many elephants as he liked, it was the custom to run after them, and Mr. Selous once told me that he had sometimes run elephants to a standstill, when the weather was very hot and the going hard. While carrying the heavy old 4-bore rifle that used to be used long ago this must have been as hard exercise as it is possible to imagine, and it was only men in the best of training and condition that could keep the game up for long.

There is a saying that every man who hunts dangerous game will be killed himself eventually, if he only keeps at it long enough. This may be so; but if there were no risk, where would the sport come in?

It is certainly more dangerous to tackle elephants with a rifle of .303 bore than it is with a .450 or .500 cordite rifle; and, perhaps, it would be better to strike the happy mean, and use a rifle of .350 or .360 calibre.

There is one distinct advantage in the use of a small or medium bore, and that is the extreme accuracy with which one can shoot; for a small bullet in the right place is much better than a large one in the wrong place.



RHINO FOOT.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUNTING THE KUDU AND SABLE.

THERE are many beautiful species of antelopes in Africa, but I think the finest are the kudu and sable. I have never shot the gemsbuck, and perhaps it is the only other antelope that can compare with these two.

Comparisons are said to be odious, although, without them, we could not tell the difference between good and bad, so I see no harm in comparing the trophies and sporting qualities of these two fine species.

Seen on a wall the kudu head will seem to be the grander trophy, but seen in their native habitat I think the sable the finer beast.

The habits of the kudu are not unlike those of the bushbuck, and he is seldom seen in the open. The sable, on the other hand, delights in open country in the evenings and early mornings; and even in the daytime in parts of the country where he has been little molested.

In my notes on the game of this country I have mentioned both species, but I would like to give a few of my experiences of hunting them, and of their heads, which will be the most sought after of all the antelopes of this country.

The kudu is a large beast and will weigh about as much as a roan. He is higher on his legs than that animal, and longer in the body, if not so thick set.

His hide is a pretty bluish colour with white stripes, and an old bull will be almost hairless, but not in such a degree as the old bull eland. The best part of the kudu is the head, which can be magnificent. The horns have a long corkscrew curve, or spiral, and are often well spread at the tips, which enhances their beauty on a wall.

As the kudu is rather a retiring animal in its habits, it certainly requires better hunting to bring it to bag than do sable. However, a wary, solitary bull sable is perhaps as cute a beast as there is. All wary animals get careless at times, especially in very hot weather, and one can't form an opinion from the behaviour of any one animal what the others will do. One must have had experience of a number before being qualified to give a certain opinion.

The record pair of horns which Mr. Rowland Ward gives in his book of "Records" are 48 $\frac{7}{8}$ in. on the straight; but the curve measurement of this



Photo by G. Garden.

HIPPO ♂.

head is not given. Mr. C. F. Selous shot a kudu with horns measuring 64in. on the curve and 41in. on the straight. The next best head that I know of was shot by my friend, Capt. C. H. Stigand, and, as I have previously mentioned, this fine trophy is 63 $\frac{5}{8}$ in. on the curve and 45in. tip to tip. This animal was shot in the Shire River Valley, in Nyasaland, and is by far the best kudu head that has yet been got in this part of Africa.

My best three pairs of horns measure as follows :—

(1)	IN.	(2)	IN.	(3)	IN.
Curve	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	Curve	56	Curve	53 $\frac{1}{4}$
Straight	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	Straight	40	Straight	41 $\frac{1}{2}$
Tip to tip	49 $\frac{1}{4}$	Tip to tip	27	Tip to tip	32 $\frac{1}{8}$
Circumference	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	Circumference	11	Circumference	11 $\frac{1}{4}$

I give the measurement of these three heads as a comparison of the variations in game heads. I have shot a number of other male kudu, and no two heads are alike in every respect. The spread of head (1) is enormous and I have seen nothing like it.

I will give an account of the shooting of this animal and of head (3) which I got on the same day and near the same place.

My tent was pitched at Katema's village on the Rukusi stream, and on the morning of October 10th, 1908, I went out to try to find fresh elephant spoor, or, if unsuccessful in this respect, to get some fresh meat. Soon after leaving camp, a roan antelope ran off; but I did not wish to fire at buck so early, until I had seen whether the elephants had been about.

After we had searched our favourite places, and could not find any elephant spoor fresh enough to follow, I struck off to a part of the country where I felt sure I would see kudu,

Tramping along through undulating country covered with bush, bamboos, and thick grass, we put up a herd of hartebeest which stood about three hundred yards off. I managed to get within one hundred and fifty yards by stalking behind an ant-heap, but just as I put my rifle up, they ran.

One was a bit slow in getting away so I fired a rather hurried shot, and only wounded the animal.

He struggled on, however, and although we spooed him some way, I could not get up to him again.

At this time I was suffering from a very painful foot, for I had damaged a toe nail which had festered badly, causing me great pain in walking. Every half hour or so I had to sit down and remove my boot, and I was just preparing to do so when Machila, one of the men out with me said, "Ngoma, Bwana."

Looking in the direction he pointed, I saw a lovely male kudu standing in some thick bush. He was busily engaged rubbing his horns against a tree, and had evidently not yet become aware of our proximity.

Telling all the men to sit down, I prepared to shoot him, for I could see he had a fine pair of horns.

As there was no ant-heap handy I had to do the best I could by keeping trees and bushes between us as I crawled nearer. With some difficulty and backache I got within one hundred yards, and found him still busy with his horn scraping. He presented a facing shot, so I put a bullet into the base of his neck and he fell on his head, but recovered his feet, and dashed about twenty yards, when he came down for good. At the sound of the shot I was surprised to see another kudu rise close to the place where the first had been standing, and run off. I fired and missed him, and he ran into some long, partially-burnt grass. I now saw that he had a splendid, wide-set pair of horns.

I waited for him to stand, as I felt sure he would, to wait for his comrade. This is just what he did after running a short distance, and I at once fired and heard the bullet tell. Instead of killing him, however, the bullet wound seemed to give him fresh energy, and he started away again; and to get within range I had to run after him, giving my bad foot some very nasty bumps on stones and snags. His faithfulness to his fellow proved his undoing, for he stood again; and I gave him another bullet, which finished him.

Before going up to him I had to sit down and remove my boot. After that I hobbled up and sat on a stump, filled my pipe, and spent half-an-hour in admiring him. His head seemed to be a beauty; for I had never seen such a spread, and I wondered how he managed to manœuvre his way through the thick bush with such a headpiece.

This head (1) belonged to a younger beast than the head given as (3), the first shot, and I believe it would have grown considerably in the course of a few years. After one has examined a great number of game heads there is little difficulty in judging the age of a pair of horns. The formation or texture of the horn in a young beast has not the hard, solid look of the older horns, and when very young the horns have a shaly appearance. The older the animal is the more rubbed will the horns be, and, in beasts suffering from old age, the horns are sometimes chipped, gnarled, and broken.

The head given as (2) I shot while on the way to Tete. One damp, rainy day I was walking ahead of my carriers when a herd of animals broke away to the right of the path, and the man carrying the rifle said they were eland. A glance, however,



ELEPHANT PATH.



TREES BROKEN BY ELEPHANTS.
(Fully 15in in diameter.)

showed that they were kudu; so I went after them, telling the carriers to wait for me. The country here was very hilly and rough, and the animals were soon out of sight. The spoor was easy to follow, as the ground was soft with rain, so we began to track them at once. On topping a rise I saw the herd going over the next rise, about 70 yards in front. I let the females go, and watched for the male, which usually brings up the rear of a herd. In a few seconds he trotted into view, and I saw he was accompanied by another male. Not knowing which was the better head of the two, and having to shoot quickly or not at all, I took the nearest as he trotted past. As it was the quickest of snapshots, I was very pleased to see the kudu rear up and fall. The other male was out of sight immediately, and, as I had got a very nice head and plenty of good meat, I did not go after him.

Unfortunately I was out of films for my camera, so was unable to get a photograph of this fine beast.

Whenever I have shot a good male kudu, I seem to be without the means of photographing him, having either no films or bad ones.

On examining the bullet wound, which had hit the beast high behind the shoulder, I saw that it was as big as a 12 bore, so I looked round and found the .303 soft nose bullet had first gone through a sapling about four inches in diameter before it hit the kudu. If the sapling had been bigger I would probably have lost that kudu. Although kudu are exceedingly abundant all over Northern Rhodesia, comparatively few are killed, and for every kudu there must be quite twenty sable antelope killed annually in this country.

To spoor up and shoot a kudu bull in the dry season takes some trouble and time, for he does not tread heavily, and his hoofs will leave a very slight impression on the hard and stony ground. In the wet season the task is easier, for then the spoor will show well on the damp ground.

I will now describe a few lucky days with the sable antelope. As I have related before, I shot my first bull sable near Fort Manning, in Nyasaland. Since then I have shot many others, but none of them exceptional in the way of horn measurement, for the simple reason that in the central portion of the eastern part of Northern Rhodesia the sable do not grow the large horns they do in the west and north.

However, I have bagged a number over 4oin. One evening when I was camped at a village called Malelembos I went out to shoot game, and had gone some way when I saw a single bull sable standing in some scrubby bush. He was wandering about feeding, so I made the men sit down and crawled up to a pretty thick bush where I sat and watched him. He was moving in my direction so I waited. It was a beautiful sight watching this fine animal in his native haunts, and I could not but

feel sorry for the doom which awaited him. When he had approached to within fifty yards he got suspicious and stood with his head well up, looking fixedly past me.

I peeped behind and saw that one of the men, feeling curious, was watching the proceedings. There being no time to waste, I shot at once, and the sable fell with a bullet through both shoulder blades. He struggled up, and I saved him a little pain by shooting him in the neck. He had a nice head of $40\frac{1}{2}$ in., and was a very old animal, with a beautiful black glossy hide, with white belly. The native who nearly scared the animal away had the pleasure of carrying the head back to camp, while the other men loaded themselves up with the meat and skin. Old bull sable are often found running alone, and they are usually more difficult to shoot under these circumstances, for having to rely on their own senses they are very quick in noticing danger.

Wounded sable can be very dangerous if approached too closely, and cases have been known of them killing men with a thrust from their sharp, long horns. A bull sable's neck is very powerful, and instances have been mentioned of them killing several dogs out of a pack. I would like to witness a pack of wild dogs attacking a bull, but I fancy the dogs would win, for they have doubtless learned by bitter experience to keep away from the sweeping horns, and would likely surround the beast, and attack it from behind, and try to pull out the entrails. I have come on the remains of several animals killed by hunting dogs, but never found the relics of a sable killed by them. Mr. Selous mentions a case of a single hunting dog chasing a bull sable, which shows that they have no hesitation in attacking such animals.

It is difficult when one has shot a number of animals of one species to pick out the most interesting incidents, but I remember shooting a bull sable when meat was scarce and badly needed in camp.

Having reached Sasare, the only gold mine yet working in this country, I was staying for a day or two with a friend, Mr. Greer, who was in charge of the mine. As we both wanted some meat to give our boys, and for our own use, I strolled out one morning to try and shoot something. Game was not very plentiful near at hand, but I was lucky to come on a bull sable without having to spoor him, or rather he came on me. We were wandering along (three natives and myself) when I saw a sable moving slowly through the bush across our front. We at once sat down and waited, and the animal soon walked within range, when I fired and only hit him in a back leg, which was a bad shot, but I was using a Mauser-Rigby .303 rifle which had just been sent out from home, and which I was not accustomed to. The next shot, as he ran past me, resulted in a hit, and the sable came down with a crash, raising a cloud of dust, the bullet having broken his backbone. The head of this animal only measured $38\frac{1}{2}$ in., which was very ordinary. This beast was probably between four and five years



Photo by G. Garden.

RHINO ♂.

old, and his hide still retained many of the brown hairs found in the younger animals. It takes them about seven years to become quite black.

In this country sable will often be found feeding with zebra, and sometimes hartebeest, and I once saw a herd of each species together. It is a noticeable fact that zebra in feeding always face in one direction, all the heads being pointed one way. None of the other game in the country move about like this. It is a strange habit, and is not common to horses, for in a field they will be seen with their heads pointed in different directions. When I sight a herd of zebra I always look at them carefully to try to find an exception to this rule, but as yet have not succeeded in doing so.

When zebra are startled they may change their position and stand facing different ways, but they seldom do so when unmolested.

The day I saw the sable, zebra, and hartebeest together was one I shall always remember. They were feeding in a dambo (plain), near a pretty stream, edged with bamboos and palms. It was a sunny, still morning, and the sight of these lovely animals feeding along peacefully in their native wilderness was one that will always be fixed in my memory.

I did not break the spell, but after watching them for over half-an-hour I went on, and left them in peace. It seemed a shame to put a blot on that picture of natural life by shedding blood.



NATIVE POT.

CHAPTER XIV.

SPORT ON THE RUKUSI STREAM.

I ARRIVED in North-Eastern Rhodesia again on September 15th, 1908, having been a trip home. I had first gone to Mlanje, in Nyasaland, where I had hoped to get a licence to shoot elephants in Portuguese territory, but finding the Portuguese officials so dilatory in granting one, I left there, and decided to try for elephants in Rhodesia instead. Only two bulls can now be shot a year in this country. A few years ago the number was unlimited, then it was reduced to three bulls, and now, as I have mentioned, it is only two. It is evident the Administration do not want elephant-hunters in the country. After staying with a friend (Mr. A. A. Langshaw) for about ten days, I got about twenty carriers and made a start. The first night I camped at an Angoni village, called Nyunka's, where there was fairly good water and some nice big trees. The next day, after a long walk, I reached Chisea, where the water is horrible, as it has a bitter, brackish taste. Having been here on several occasions, I knew what to expect, so made arrangements for water to be brought from a village some four miles away, giving the people meat in exchange. On the 27th I went out shooting, and managed to secure three reedbucks in a big dambo. I saw many more which I left alone.

The reedbuck does not run in herds, but are found in couples as a rule, although I have often seen three or four together.

After sending the reedbucks back to camp I went on, hoping to see some larger game; but although I walked some distance and saw a considerable amount of spoor of roan and eland, I did not come on any of the beasts themselves. Having stopped at a village to arrange about giving meat for some good water, I came back to camp by a different direction, and on the way shot a very nice ram reedbuck with a beautiful pair of horns.

Next morning, at 6 a.m., I left, and reached Chinunda's village at 8.30. The headman, Chinunda, has a big group of villages here, along both sides of the Rukusi stream, which is in pools at this time of year.

After stopping to give the carriers a rest and to have some tea myself, I went on to Katema's small village, which is only composed of four or five huts. I had previously camped here before on three occasions, and I knew the surrounding



BOYS COOKING BREAKFAST WHILE ON THE MARCH.



TENT IN NATIVE VILLAGE.
(" Whymper " Pattern Tent.)

country was a favourite haunt of elephants and other game, more especially kudu, which are found in great numbers on both sides of the Rukusi stream.

On the 29th I went out to try to find elephant spoor, and, although I saw a lot of cow elephants and a small bull which was not worth following, I could not find any large spoor. However, we found the spoor of two bull rhinos. I feel sure both were bulls as the spoors were large, and they were not a pair, so I followed the larger of the two, which had gone off by himself. It was some time before we got it away from the reeds and thorns bordering the bed of the stream, but at last it led us towards the hilly country. At 10 a.m. we seemed to be still some way behind, so I sat down and made some tea, and demolished a tin of sardines and some scones. Going on, one of the men suddenly stopped and pointed at an object which looked exactly like a grey rock. We stood and watched it, and opinions were divided as to whether it was a rock or a rhino.

Suddenly I saw the ears move, so I told the men to sit down and approached, accompanied by a man named Machila. I had a single .400 cordite rifle by Fraser, and Machila carried a magazine .303. Instead of whistling or making a noise to make it stand up, I took a steady shot forward of the shoulder and fired."

The "phut" of the bullet was the result, and the next instant the rhino was standing up and looking very annoyed. The cartridge was difficult to eject, and before I had reloaded the rhino's stern was disappearing into some long unburnt grass.

The glare from this light-coloured grass was blinding and I nearly ran into the rhino, which had stopped to look round, as it had probably heard us coming.

It did not take me long to get the rifle up and give it a slanting shot through the right shoulder, which dropped it instantly. As its eyes blinked and ears kept twitching, I gave it a shot with the .303 to make sure. The peculiar thing about this rhino was that it had tried to grow a third horn, which I have before referred to. As the run in the intense heat and glare had been rather exhausting, I made more tea and after that went back to camp. There are a great many tsetse flies in this country and they make their presence disagreeably felt all day long.

On the 30th I went out with most of my men to cut off the rhino's head and to bring in the meat.

The following day, October 1st, was a hard one, as I was out from dawn till dark and could not get on any spoor worth following. I shot a roan antelope that had evidently escaped from the clutches of a lion, for its neck and haunches were covered with scars, and it was a wreck of a beast, with its ribs standing out and hip bones forming lumps on the skin. This animal had only one horn.

The next day, October 2nd, I left Katema's village and trekked on to Chausi, where I camped near a pool in the Rukusi, my tent being pitched under a grand mkuyu tree which gave delightful shade.

As I saw fish rising in the pool I got out a hook and caught a few, as they form a pleasant change of diet after tough meat and fowls. One of the fish I had not seen before. It was shaped like a small trout and had black spots on the sides, the colour being silvery.

Started out at 5.30 next morning, and tramped for a long way; but could not find any large spoor, although the whole country is full of cow elephant spoor, fresh and old. About midday I came to a valley in the hills which has evidently been the playground of elephants for centuries, for paths led into it from all points of the compass. Here I found a series of pools, some of which had been used by the huge beasts as baths. One hole in particular was like a cement bath, all smoothly plastered on the sides by the animals rubbing and throwing water over themselves.

Leaving here, we went on, getting into some very parched country, and about midday reached a dried-up stream, in the sandy bed of which was much elephant spoor. Digging for water, we found a little, so I decided to rest until the cool of afternoon. However, rest was out of the question, for the tsetse flies were in myriads, and they gave us no peace. It was amusing, watching the men trying to sleep, and be suddenly awakened with a bite in some tender spot. For myself, I sat and smoked and kept a branch moving the whole time, which helped to keep off the flies; but it was hard work.

When the sun had dropped into the western horizon, we started off for camp, Machila leading, as he knew the direction and easiest way. Going over a rise, I saw him bob down and beckon me. On going forward I saw a fine roan antelope bull, half facing, with his big ears up. I fired immediately, and dropped him with a shot through the spine. Leaving two men to cut him up, I promised to send out more men when I reached camp, to carry in the meat. This beast had a good head, one horn being $28\frac{1}{4}$ in. and the other 26 in.

As I seemed no better off here than I was before, I went back to Katema's village, a distance of about fifteen miles. On the way I had a shot at a kudu, which jumped up and bolted, but with no result. He had a very nice pair of horns. In this wild, broken country the natives collect quantities of honey, and I was often able to barter some for meat. Something sweet is a necessity in the bush; the system seems to crave for it, and I am sure it gives one strength. I know that whenever I am out of sugar, jam, or honey, I do not feel as fit for hard walking as I do when I can eat plenty of these substances. Tea also is most refreshing, and I hardly ever

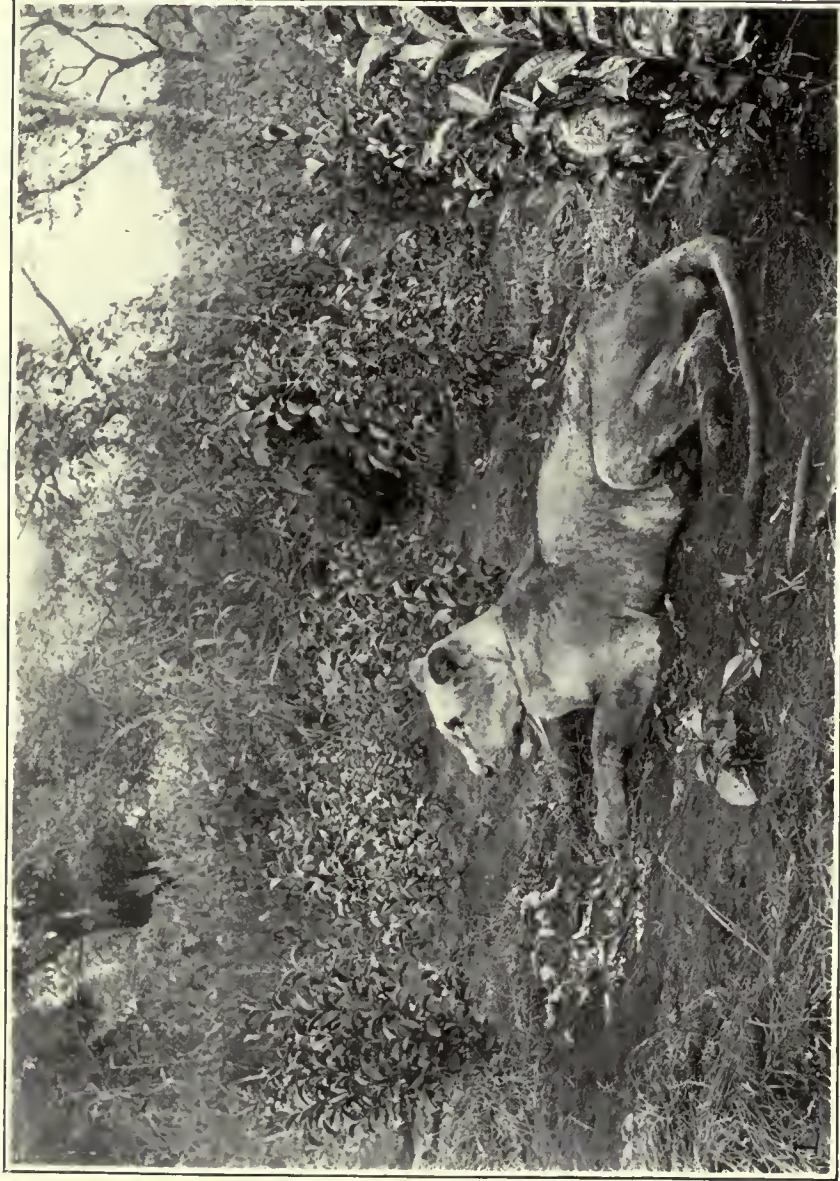


Photo by G. Garden

LIONESS.

drink water. Tea has the advantage that the water has to be boiled, which kills any noxious germs that may be in it. Cocoa, although refreshing, gives one a thirst, and I do not think it can compare with tea, or even coffee, as a drink for the hunter.

On the 6th I shot an old bushbuck ram, having been unable to find the spoor of a bull elephant. I got into camp very lame with my foot still painful. Every day I soaked it in a solution of corrosive sublimate or permanganate, and I hoped to cure it in time. A few days' rest would probably have healed it; but the longer one stays out the more do expenses increase. The day following I had to stay in camp to give my foot a rest, which annoyed me, for the weather had turned a little cooler. On this day I had a letter from a friend, Mr. L. S. Norman, who was hunting thirty miles off. Next day I went out, notwithstanding I was very lame. We got on the spoor of a bull that had drunk in the Rukusi during the night. At 11 a.m., as we were following it along one of the well-worn elephant paths that abound here, we heard an elephant call in the bush to the left. Leaving all the men except two, I went to see what they were like.

The elephant, or perhaps more, kept calling, and we went towards the sound and soon saw them all grouped together under the shade of some big trees. Below the wind, and between the elephants and myself, was a patch of tall unburnt grass, in a continuance of which the elephants were standing. Edging round, I managed to get a good view of most of them, and I could not see a single bull among the lot. In the meantime the wind began to veer round a point or two.

Suddenly the elephants began to move quietly off, led by an old cow. They had evidently got suspicious, and may have got the wind of the men I had left behind.

It did not matter much, for there was not a bull among them, which I made certain of as they passed me. It now being extremely hot, I went back to the men and made some tea from water I always carry in calabashes, and gave the men a drink of water.

Taking the bull's spoor again I went on, the men grumbling and saying the sun would kill them. I thought if I could walk with a lame foot that they could follow, so after calling them "old women" they stopped grouching. I suppose we had been going about an hour when one of the men behind ran up and said he saw an elephant to the right.

Looking in the direction he pointed, I saw the animal, so went up close, and was extremely disappointed to find it was a tuskless bull wandering about by

himself. Leaving him occupied with picking leaves from the trees, we retreated without him having become aware of our presence.

Going back to the original spoor, we followed it until 3 p.m., when I saw three elephants going off.

Between us was a gully or steep bed of a dry watercourse. I had to get across this, which took a little time, and when I emerged on the top of the opposite bank the elephants had gone for good, and I was too tired, and so were the men, to follow further.

On the way back to camp we ran almost into a herd of cow elephants with two calves. It was an interesting sight seeing these huge animals walking along one after the other, a small calf trotting behind. There was a cow among them with a peculiar pair of tusks; one of these was almost straight and the other almost described a circle. As I was only about sixty yards from the beasts I had a fine view of them crossing an open patch.

The tusks of the cow referred to would have weighed about 16lb. each, I think. This was likely the same herd I saw early in the morning, although I had not been able to identify the cow with the malformed ivory.

Reaching camp about 8.30 p.m., by moonlight, I was quite ready for the meal I found awaiting me. This day's work did not improve my bad foot, which was numb with pain when I reached the tent. After dinner I went to sleep in a deck-chair with the injured limb in a basin of corrosive sublimate, which I believe to be the best medicine for wounds of all kinds.

The Awemba race are the best for bush work, for they seldom complain as do the Angoni, who are the petted race of this country. The Angoni are descended from the Zulus, who settled in this country about the middle of the nineteenth century; but they have become much intermixed with other tribes, such as the Achewa, Achikunda, Asenga, Achipeta, etc., and the boasted bravery and manliness of their Zulu blood is little noticeable, for they have been spoilt by the Government and by themselves.

On the 9th I shot a nice male kudu, which I hit in the lungs. It ran for about fifty yards before coming down. Next day I shot two very fine bull kudus, an account of which I have given in my chapter on "Hunting the Kudu and Sable," so I need not refer to the incidents again. Hearing there were elephants near Kapienzi's village, I went there, taking my tent and things, but I did not meet with any success, as all the spoor I found was made by cows or very young bulls. The country about here was covered with great patches of bamboo jungle. Elephants and other game are very fond of eating the fresh green shoots when they burst out at the beginning of



NATIVES CLEANING GAME HEADS.



SMALL ANT-HILL.
(Northern Rhodesia.)

the rainy season, but at this time they were all dried up. As my Angoni had been causing me trouble lately, I paid them off and took on more Awemba who applied for work.

After doing so I went back to Katema's village again, and from there I went to a village called Wandauka's and camped under a tree near a pool in the Rukusi.

The natives took me through some very wild country on the 14th; one place they called "Nyanie" (Baboon) was a deep pool in the Rukusi, the water being a beautiful green colour. Here there was a precipice, which must be a fine waterfall in the rainy season. The place was simply littered with elephant spoor, but all females. The animals had used the place for ages, and had made a sort of staircase to the higher ground, formed of huge rock steps pressed down and to the side. Going up this to the higher ground, we passed through a big stretch of country, seeing a herd of zebras and three different couples of klipspringers.

When near camp I saw a single zebra, which is rather unusual for they are almost invariably found in herds.

As the tent was in sight I killed this animal, having to fire two long shots. This beast had been mauled by a lion, for his rump was scarred, and this, doubtless, accounted for him running alone.

The 15th turned out to be a very unlucky day, for I had the bad fortune to wound a fine bull elephant.

We had struck the spoor of two rhinos and were following, when we came on the tracks of this bull. Leaving the rhino spoor we began to spoor the elephant, and had only gone, perhaps, three miles when we heard him ahead, feeding. Taking the '400, and Kaputi following me with the '303, I approached to within fifty yards. He was standing beautifully, broadside on, but there was a sapling covering his shoulder. I aimed for behind the shoulder and fired. The elephant gave several grunts and dashed off, and I thought he would fall every moment; but he did not. On going to the place where he had been standing, I found the '400 solid bullet had hit the sapling and gone right through it, hitting the elephant somewhere about the shoulder. There was a slope beyond, down which the elephant went at a tremendous pace. He was soon out of sight, so we took the spoor and followed it for many hours.

At last the tracks led into a vile piece of unburned grass covered with leaves. Here it was most difficult to spoor him. At one place he had lain down and the tusks showed in the earth. A wounded bull elephant has to be pretty bad before he lies down. However, he had got up and gone off and we soon lost the spoor, and try as we would we could not pick it up again. There was blood on the spoor, but I imagine

the bullet lost a certain amount of velocity in penetrating the small tree, and it may not have gone into him quite deep enough.

On our way back to camp we came on three herds of cow elephants, and some of them would hardly get out of our way. We threw stones at one cow and hit her several times, but she only stamped her feet and flapped her ears, making a grumbling sound all the time. I thought she would have come for us, but on going round to the windward side she got the wind and cleared off.

One of the herds was drinking at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It is very unusual to find elephants drinking during the daytime, but the heat at this time was so terrific that they were forced to go to the water I suppose. This intense heat seemed to make them lazy and disinclined to move, for I never saw elephants so fearless. In every case getting our wind made them go, but they would not budge for anything else. There are too many cow elephants in this country, and it would be advisable for the Government to allow some to be shot. These herds of cows, calves, and undersized bulls do great damage to the crops of the natives every year, and they are so little molested nowadays that they are getting quite fearless of man. I do not know how much an elephant will eat in twenty-four hours, but I should think 200lb. of green stuff would be near the mark, if not under it. This weight of grain repeated every night for perhaps three months for a herd of elephants, makes a tremendous total, and is a most serious loss to the natives; and yet the Government does not allow female elephants to be shot or molested in any way.

Soon after this I came back to civilisation to pay off some of my men and to arrange for another trip.



ELEPHANT'S SKULL AND TUSKS.



HYENA.

Photo by G. Garden.

CHAPTER XV.

A HOT TRIP TO THE LUANGWA RIVER.

AFTER having rested for ten days I again started out to try to find elephants, my object being to look for the animals in the Luangwa Valley, for I thought they would be sure to be found there, now that water was so scarce in other parts of the country.

As I had formerly spent a year on the river I knew it would be extremely hot at this time of year—November.

I have referred to the great heat in the Zambesi Valley during the last few months of the dry season, and I may mention that the valley of the Luangwa is quite as bad, in fact, it is the hottest place in Northern Rhodesia.

Another drawback is that the winds there are always shifting, which is awkward when after elephants.

Leaving the Kapundi stream on October 30th, I stopped for the night at the house of a friend who had a share in a farm on the Mzadzu stream. I say "had," for the poor fellow has since died from the effects of dysentery contracted while on a trip after elephants. On this trip he shot two very fine bull elephants, one with tusks weighing 101lb. and 85lb., while the other had tusks weighing over 60lb. each.

Going on next day I stopped at another farm for the night. The following day I shot a zebra, which gave the carriers some fresh meat, and in this part of the country I saw more eland spoor than I ever saw before. I also saw three herds of the animals, but did not fire, as I had already shot the zebra, and, besides, I could not see a bull with good horns. This night I slept at a waterhole near a village named Bangombe's. On November 2nd I had a very hot tramp, passing through miles of waterless, arid country. It took six hours' hard going to reach Chamba's village, but we carried water in calabashes, so got a drink half way. In this part I saw some old spoor of two good bull elephants, but there was nothing recent.

While on this trip I did not suffer from a bad foot as I had done before, so the hard going did not bother me at all.

On the 3rd I reached Msoro resthouses. Msoro is on the main road leading west to the Luangwa, and, farther west still, to Broken Hill, in North-Western Rhodesia.

These are the best resthouses in the country, being large and very clean. I met a friend, Mr. Greer, here, who has a cotton plantation, and he asked me to go up to his place, about a mile off, which I did.

Leaving early next morning, I got to Chicongwe's village on the Lopandi river, seeing fresh spoor of three elephants within four hundred yards of the village. On getting there, the natives told me they had seen the elephants cross the dry river bed about an hour before I came. It was mid-day, and I thought it a strange time for elephants to be trekking; but I started after them at once and kept it up until about 4 p.m., when I was getting into very dry country and I saw that the elephants were still going hard in single file. A man whom I had engaged at Msoro ran away, as he thought I intended sleeping on the spoor without water, which I would likely have done if he had not bolted, for he was the only one of the party who knew the country we were in, and the likely places for water ahead. I got back to the village long after dark, very tired indeed, as I had been on my legs since dawn, walking hard the whole time through very rough country. A bad thunderstorm came up after I got to camp, and the rain came down in sheets, which made things very unpleasant. However, the rains do not set in properly for another month, and this rain helped to cool the atmosphere, which had lately been like a blast from a furnace.

Yesterday's work made me feverish, but I went on, crossing the Lopandi river many times during the day's march. Among other villages, I passed Tindi's, and he was one of the tallest natives I have seen. He said there were elephants near, but I wanted to get to the Luangwa, so pushed on and camped at a village headman's named Cowalika. As the zebra meat was finished I went out and found a herd of eland just as darkness was coming on.

I took the nearest and wounded it so badly that it could not go off with the herd, and finished it with another bullet.

As the herd went off I saw a cow with the finest pair of horns I have ever seen, but she was soon out of sight, and it was too dark to follow. This herd consisted of quite fifty animals. We reached camp about 8 p.m. by moonlight, very tired and thirsty, as we had come a long march in the morning, besides the afternoon tramp and return to the camp in semi-darkness. It is very hard work walking in rough country by moonlight, for one cannot see holes and stumps, and the shadows are always deceptive. To give the men a rest I stayed at this village the following day. I wished to half cook and dry the meat and if possible get more, to save firing at buck when I got to the elephant country. I therefore went out shooting again and got a fine cow roan, which, strange to say, had a broken horn. On my trip to the Rukusi I shot a female roan with the same disfigurement.



NATIVES COOKING MEAT.



TENT AND TROPHIES NEAR THE LUANGWA RIVER.

Leaving two men to skin and cut it up, I went on, but only saw a herd of roan running off. I found an eland skull, which animal had probably been killed by a lion some time ago.

We went on next day, crossing the Lopandi many times. At one place I saw the junction of the Kasanengwa stream with the Lopandi river. The latter was over one hundred yards broad, and the former only twenty paces across, at the point of juncture. I made a bad miss at a bushbuck near here, but as I saw it was a female when it ran off I did not regret it. At times it is very difficult to tell the sex of a small buck standing in thick cover, for one has to shoot quickly before the animal runs away.

The rays of the sun were terrific on this day, but the carriers came along well. Although the native has much to despise in his nature, such as his lying and thieving propensities, there is a lot to admire in his character, for he is uncomplaining under hardship, and even good-tempered.

On the 7th I slept at a village called Ngania, which I reached at 5 p.m., having left the previous camp at 2.30 p.m.

I felt rather ill here with a touch of fever, but a hard walk in the sun often makes one perspire, and consequently feel better.

Next day I reached Kamtandi's village, situated on the Lopandi river, close to its junction with the Luangwa.

The previous evening, after I had got to bed, two of the carriers came to the tent and said they had seen a lion when going down to the water-hole to get water.

Although I did not think it much good, I took my rifle, and went down with them to the place.

The moon was full, and it was a beautifully clear night, and there was no difficulty about seeing the spoor.

The lion had been standing on the top of the bank down which he had rushed when the men came round a corner on the path. He then ran a short distance on the sand and went into some matete (spear grass). As this place was impenetrable, I walked along the bank for some distance, but saw nothing, so went back to bed.

The country all along the banks of the Lopandi and Luangwa is very beautiful, there being numbers of the lovely Chiwali palm about, besides the grotesque baobabs and other tropical-looking trees and bushes.

Before the sun rose on the 9th I was up and off into the bush, accompanied by some of the villagers, besides two of my own men. Just after we left the village we saw a herd of roan antelope, which were quite tame, and allowed us to get close to

them before they ran off. Even then they only went a short distance and stood looking back at us.

When one wants meat, a chance like this does not often occur. Not wishing to disturb the country, I left them alone. Soon after this we got into a large, rough dambo, and saw a fine ram puku and a herd of waterbuck with a good bull in it. We came on fresh elephant spoor, one being a good bull, judging from his footprints.

The spoor first led through fairly open country, but it soon got into the beastly matete (spear grass). This is the worst cover that can be found in this country, excepting, perhaps, chitaisi (buffalo bean). The elephants had made a broad path through the matete, but when they pass a lot of the stalks fall across the spoor, and, as they are too strong to break, one has to step above or go under them.

This is most dangerous ground to hunt elephants in, for it would be almost impossible to escape a charge.

After working away, we at last heard elephants ahead, and as it was quite impossible to see more than a few yards in front from where we were, I went up a rise to the left. When I got there the wind seemed all right, but I soon felt a puff at the back of my neck. Just at this moment I spotted the elephants crossing a fairly open patch, about fifty yards off. There were three, one a bull with tusks about 30lb. each, from the glimpse I got of them. As they were walking quickly, I did not risk the chance of only wounding him, so I ran parallel with them along the top of the bank. However, when I first saw them they were evidently suspicious, and I soon heard them crash off.

As they went in the direction of the Luangwa, I thought it worth while following them, so I took the spoor.

We got pretty close, when they ran again, and I saw a herd appear on the sandbanks of the river. The three had apparently joined them, or this was a new herd.

They were about half-a-mile away, but, instead of turning into the reeds to the right, they began to ford the river. The water was about 6ft. deep, and some of the calves had to swim. On getting to the other side, they tried to climb the bank straight ahead, but it broke away; so they went along until they found a suitable place. The villagers knew of a fordable place, so I was carried across, and we took the spoor, but the wind kept shifting so much that it was impossible to get near them. They would only run a mile or so, and then stand. While crossing the river I had seen a herd of hippo, and, as the men begged me to shoot them some meat, I went back, and found the herd in the same place. The natives were all starving in this part, so I had no compunction in shooting six, which I got with eight cartridges,



Photo by G. Garden.

LOCUSTS.

using my '303. In a few hours the news got about, and I had deputations from all the villages asking for a hippo. As I do not believe in giving natives meat for nothing, I arranged to get a she-goat for each hippo, and I soon had quite a flock at the tent. It may seem a shame, shooting so many hippos, but the villagers were not only hungry, but they said the hippo did great damage to their crops in the rainy season. I wanted the hide, and ivory too, and, as six hippos are allowed on the licence, it makes no difference whether they are killed in one day or in the course of a year. To shoot animals and waste the meat is, I consider, a crime; but in this case it was different, and not a pound of meat was wasted, for the natives soon arrived in crowds, and spent two days and two nights on the spot, cutting up and drying the meat.

Besides the hippos I shot an impala ram and a warthog, for I needed some good meat for myself. Game is abundant here, especially on the western bank, where there are no villages.

On the following day I went back to the hippos to get the ivory, and make arrangements for the hide to be brought to the tent.

Next day I went on to Kucumbe's village and stayed a night there, my tent being pitched under a very big tree on the outskirts of the village. Kucumbe has a fine herd of cattle, besides goats and sheep. About 10 p.m. the people began making a noise and I heard one old woman shouting *mkango* (lion), but I think the cattle had smelt a hyæna, and had broken out of the kraal. I had noticed the kraal was broken down and rickety, and if a lion had come he could simply have walked into it. This is a trait of the natives, to let things slide until something happens. Timber was thick all round the village, yet the creatures could not take the trouble to make the inclosure strong.

The 12th was a scorching hot day, but I crossed the river to look for spoor, and found some tolerably fresh in one of the native gardens. Although the natives here had gardens on the western bank of the Luangwa, they lived on the east side.

The elephants had been playing havoc with big patches of pumpkins and had trampled down three times as much as they had eaten. The spoor led almost directly west into hilly country, covered with thorn bushes and as dry as a bone.

While spooring the beasts along a well-made path, I suddenly saw a group of elephants to the right, but they were all tuskless. There was one bull, two cows, and two calves. We went round them quietly and left them sleeping. They seemed fast asleep, for their ears were flapping and they were swaying backwards and forwards.

I suppose we were about sixty yards from them when one of the men stupidly

trod on a dry stick. At the sound the animals woke up and came running in our direction. I think that they had not located the sound properly and were not coming for us. We all did a bolt behind an ant-heap and one of the cows stopped and began walking towards us with her trunk swaying about, feeling for the wind.

I fired a shot in the air which frightened her. I would have been perfectly justified in firing at her, but gave her one chance of clearing off, and luckily for her she went, or the next bullet would have gone into her head.

At the sound of the shot I saw some animals break away among the thorns and bamboos, and on asking one of the men what they were, he said buffalo. I was too much engaged keeping my eyes on the cow elephant to pay any attention to them, but I wish I had come on them before I saw the elephants, for buffalo are the most difficult game to get a shot at in this country. We were now some way from the river, and I thought the shot I fired to frighten the cow elephant must have disturbed the herd; besides, we had finished our water, as one of the men had dropped one of the two gourds I had brought and broken it. As we had finished one gourd before this happened we had none left, and the heat was something terrific. I asked one of the villagers the nearest way to the river and made straight for it. We got there at 3 o'clock, so I sat down and made some tea and gave the men a rest. These were so tired that they lay down and were asleep at once. About 4 o'clock, when the sun had begun to lose its power, I woke them up and we started for camp.

We saw a quantity of game, including several herds of puku and a herd of roan antelope. I fired at a ram puku, but unfortunately only wounded it. We spent an hour trying to find it, but had to give it up.

While following the elephants in the morning, I saw much game, including zebra, roan, waterbuck, kudu, bushbuck, reedbuck, and warthog. One dambo was a sight with several of the species mentioned, all in view at the same time.

Hearing from a native that there were elephants again near Kanantu's village, I went back and pitched my tent under the same tree I had camped under before. As we marched along in the afternoon the heat was fearful.

Every now and again a blast of hot air would come along which made me draw the flap of my old felt hat over my eyes. Steevens wrote a chapter in "With Kitchener to Khartoum" about a Sudan thirst.

It is difficult making comparisons between different kinds of thirsts, but a Rhodesian one is quite enough for anybody, and the only thing to quench it with is tepid water or, preferably, hot tea.

Needing meat again, I went out on the 14th to try to shoot something. The first game I saw was the herd of roan that had behaved so tamely once before, but



NATIVE WOMEN BARTERING GRAIN FOR MEAT.



MY HOUSE ON THE LUANGWA RIVER.

to-day, because I wanted one of them, they bolted. Knowing I would see game farther on, I only followed them a short way.

Soon after I saw a herd of waterbuck and fired at the bull, hitting him hard. He ran off and we spooed him right up to the Luangwa. While we were pottering about in some spear grass we heard an animal plunge into the river. Running down a broad hippo path, we saw him standing up to the belly in the middle of the river. He seemed undecided whether to cross or come buck. His heart or strength failed him and there he stood, a grand picture of animal life. How I longed for my camera, which I had left behind on this trip. Not wishing to keep him in pain, I fired into the middle of his back and he sank into the water, his four legs kicking above the surface. Two of the men rushed in and gripped him before the current could take him away. While the men were busy cutting him up I sat down under a shady tree and smoked. While enjoying myself looking at the beautiful view down the river, I heard a bushbuck bark about a hundred yards from me, so went after him.

As I approached he barked again, which helped me to locate him. When I saw him he was standing looking away, with his horns laid over his shoulders. The sun shone on his pretty spotted skin, and I felt rather like a murderer as I put the sight on him. However, waterbuck meat is tough, and bushbuck's is not, and I thought of the nice steaks for dinner and the kidneys for next morning's breakfast, and the bullet settled the question.

Not having killed a puku this trip, and wanting the head of a good male, I went back to camp through the dambo, where I had seen one before. He was there, but with a herd of does, and I got a long shot at him. From the way he dashed off I knew he was badly wounded. It took us over an hour to find him, however, but at last one of the men came on him lying dead in the middle of some long grass.

Next morning I lay in bed and had a rest, as I felt feverish. On the following day, November 16th, I had an idea that my luck was going to change. The villagers took me to a part of the country I had not yet tried, and we soon got on the last night's spoor of elephants. It led us through miles of the vile matete reeds. Coming out into a more open place, I was delighted to see the herd standing at the edge of some rather thick bush. To get nearer I would have needed to cross the grass patch, and I thought the elephants might see me and run. In the middle of this open space was the dried-up bed of a small stream, and near it the grass was a little higher. Crawling to this place, I was about sixty yards from the nearest bull, which was standing broadside on.

Behind him I could see about fifteen elephants, but there were others hidden in

the bush. Sitting down, I took a very steady aim, just forward of his earhole, and pressed the trigger.

He fell at once, and the other elephants then began to scream and trumpet. Most of them cleared off, but two bulls, with about 20lb. tusks, ran straight towards us, but swerved off when they came near the dip of the watercourse.

I waited, as I did not wish to wound them. As I was watching them, one of the men said: "Look, master, the elephant is coming." I turned to look and saw the wounded elephant struggling to its feet. I fired into it, aiming forward of the shoulder. It did not seem to feel the bullet, and next moment it was coming down the slope straight for us. The men said "run," and went off. I thought it would be better to have something more substantial than a bunch of grass between me and the advancing monster, so I did very good time to a big tree, about seventy yards behind, and on getting to it I stopped. The elephant by this time had crossed the hollow, and was coming down a slope directly towards me. I was armed with a .303 rifle, with a magazine holding ten cartridges. Having fired two shots, I had eight in reserve, so I began to pump bullets into his head as he came on. At the third shot his legs seemed to be swept from under him, and he came down a fearful cropper on his side, and with the impetus he was going at he slid for some yards. The men then arrived, and one of them said "it was very good." I suppose he meant it was a fine sight; and it certainly was, to see the animal stopped in his stride and come down dead. This animal belonged to a herd of "garden" elephants, or beasts that make it a habit to raid the maize fields. I doubt if any elephant would pass a crop of maize or millet, but there are some herds that practically live on the natives' crops when they are ripening, as I have formerly mentioned.

On examining the elephant, I found that my first bullet had hit it in the head about 4in. in front of the orifice of the ear, which is the proper place for the brain shot when the beast is standing broadside on. Why it did not kill the elephant I cannot say. Of course it can't have hit the brain, so I think it may have been deflected and passed under or over it, giving the beast concussion. When an elephant—or, indeed, any animal—runs towards one, it seems to go much quicker than when it runs away, and this beast came along at a very fast pace. Cutting off the tail and part of the trunk, I went back to the tent, leaving some men to begin cutting out the tusks, and promising to send back others to help. Soon after this I started back to Fort Jameson, as my carriers' pay was due, and I reached that place on the 22nd, having passed through some very dry and waterless country.

Before concluding this chapter I would like to say a few words about the bird-life to be found on the Luangwa river. Not being in the habit of carrying a



Photo by T. A. Barns.

ANTBEAR ♂.

shot-gun in this country, I seldom shot birds, except, perhaps a few guineafowl for the pot; but to the student of ornithology there is much of interest. The most noticeable birds are the following: Ospreys, maribou storks and other storks I do not know the names of, herons, kingfishers (of three varieties, I think), crested cranes, flamingos, pelicans, ducks and geese of various kinds, sandpipers, terns, green pigeons, doves, guineafowls, partridges, etc.

The wild cry of the osprey will often be heard, and it is often to be seen perched on some leafless tree overhanging or close to the water. Only one or two men have yet made a proper study of the birds of this country, and I think it very probable that a number could still be found which are new to science.

Many vultures will often be noticed in the Luangwa valley whenever a kill is left long exposed. If near the river, the marabou storks will follow the vultures and feed on the carcass until there is little left. The powers of sight possessed by the vultures are well known, but some people think it is their sense of smell that draws them to a dead animal. This is not so, for if the carcass is hidden they are unable to find it, as I have proved on several occasions. Snakes will often be seen, generally gliding away, as they seem to have very good hearing, although sometimes one will see a puff-adder or mamba disinclined to move. On cold mornings all snakes get torpid and sleepy, particularly puff-adders, and I have twice trodden on one of these snakes while they were lying on a native path. On another occasion I nearly sat on one, for the markings of the puff-adder are just like leaves or decayed vegetation.

As I have not studied the snakes, and know very little about them, I cannot give the names of the various kinds which are to be found here, but it is very probable that there are a few little or not at all known to naturalists who study the reptile family.



HIPPO FOOT.

CHAPTER XVI.

EVENING STROLLS WITH A RIFLE.

PREVIOUSLY I have mentioned how delightful it is to wander out by oneself with a rifle, or perhaps accompanied by one native, who carries the cartridge bag, camera, and an axe.

When living in an out-of-the-way mud house I always make it a practice to go out about 3 or 4 p.m., when the sun is beginning to lose its power and to dip in the west.

At such times the places to make for will be the dambos, which I have explained are open patches of grass land surrounded by bush. In the rainy season these places will be found full of water in their lower parts, and the grass in such localities will be longer and thicker than it is on the higher ground. In the dry season, from August to December, game will nearly always be found in such places if there is perennial water near. Ant-hills will often be seen in these open patches, which form splendid cover for stalking game, and also to spy out the surrounding country, either with the naked eye or with field-glasses.

To meet with success the wind must be studied, though at certain times of the year it will be found to be blowing from the same direction for weeks on end. There are various ways of testing the wind, such as smoke from a pipe or by dropping dry sand or crushed leaves and grass. Another way is to wet a finger and hold it in the wind, when the windward side will feel colder. A good idea is to carry a small bag filled with fine flour. This, when shaken, will show the direction of the slightest breeze. During the rainy season it is difficult to find dry sand or grass, so one will need to depend on other things, such as tobacco smoke or flour.

During the months of the hard rains, from January to April, the game will have almost totally disappeared from certain parts of the country. It scatters all over the place, as there is plenty of water and food about, and during the months mentioned it is often very difficult to get a shot at anything. The cover is so thick that game may be close and yet not be visible, and in walking through the thick tangled grass there will be so much noise that the game sneak away quietly without the sportsman being aware of its presence.

There is a charming uncertainty about shooting in this country, for one never



TWO MALE KLIPSPRINGERS.



KUDU HEAD.
(56 inches on curve.)

knows what may be seen, and in some places it may be anything from an elephant to a duiker. It is always advisable to carry a few solid-bullet cartridges, as well as the expanding bullets to be used on antelopes or other thin-skinned animals.

I can remember many interesting evenings when I got back with either a zebra, roan, sable, hartebeest, warthog, bush-pig, or some small buck, such as an oribi or a duiker.

Perhaps it may be interesting to the reader if I give accounts of a few such evenings' sport.

About 3 p.m. one afternoon, being in need of meat, I went out with a boy carrying the cartridge bag, Kodak, and an axe, while I carried a little .275 Mauser rifle by Westley Richards. Making in the direction of a hill the natives call Manje, I soon struck the fine dambo that runs near the hill. Having walked some way without seeing anything, I thought I would have to return to my house without firing a shot when I suddenly heard the clatter of hoofs in the sparse, scrubby bush adjoining the dambo. Looking in the direction of the sound, I saw a herd of zebra going off. Running after them and cutting off corners, I got to within one hundred and fifty yards of where they were standing looking back. Taking a quick shot, I heard the bullet tell, but the wounded animal ran off with the others. Keeping my eyes on the herd, I saw a lot of dust rising behind them, and on walking up to the place I found a fine stallion just dead. As it was getting late, we chopped down some branches and pulled some grass, with which we covered him, besides tying a handkerchief to a branch in the hope that it would keep off any prowling lion, leopard, or hyæna that smelt the meat.

On the following day I sent out men to bring in the meat, which the natives are very fond of, though male zebra cannot be called the best of eating for the European's taste.

Soon after this I was out again late one evening near the same place when I saw two warthogs walking through the grass, stopping every now and then to grub for roots or eat something they fancied near the ground. I crawled about one hundred yards so as to intercept them, and as they passed I fired at the boar and made a shocking miss, and yet another as they ran off. I then continued my walk in a circle, intending to come round on the chance of seeing the pigs in another part of the dambo, where I knew they were in the habit of feeding. By the time I got to this place the sun was nearly down, and I had some four miles to go before I could get home. Climbing one of the numerous ant-hills about, I sat down and looked round and was just thinking of moving off when I saw a movement on an ant-hill about two hundred yards away. This ant-hill was covered with long grass which had

escaped the annual fires and there were other similar ones about, behind which I got, up to within about sixty yards. I now saw that the game was a warthog, and a movement in the grass showed there were two, and very likely the couple I had seen before.

Taking a rest against a small tree, I fired and the pigs ran off, but I could see blood on the shoulder of the one I fired at, and he fell after running about a hundred paces. Covering him up for removal on the morrow, I made for a path which took me home, where a good bath and dinner refreshed me.

It was in this dambo and near the spot where I shot the warthog that I had seen a wary old bull hartebeest several times, but he always either got the wind or saw me and went off. One evening I went out by myself and approached his haunt very carefully and saw him feeding, every now and again looking up and gazing in the direction he had seen me before; but this time I was in another place. I was then about two hundred yards from him, so I crawled nearer, keeping a thick clump of bush and grass between us. On getting there, I saw him still in the same place, and as he was now only about one hundred yards off I put up the '256 and hit him through the shoulder which killed him, though he managed to run about fifty yards. Pulling down a few branches, I covered him up and hung my handkerchief over him, and he was found untouched next day when I sent out men for the meat.

While resting at a friend's house after a hard trip after elephants, I needed some meat to give my carriers; so I went out to look for something, and had not been walking long before I saw a nice herd of zebra, which I did not harm, although I spent ten minutes admiring them. My reason for leaving them alone was that I wanted some better meat for my friend and myself, as well as for the men, and I hoped to see either roan or sable antelope; for I knew there were a lot about, judging from the abundant spoor to be seen all over the ground. As my natives and I walked along the edge of the bush, I thought I heard the sound of tapping—just the sound a large buck makes by hitting and rubbing his horns on a tree. I told the men to keep a good look out, and went on, when one of them said "Nyama, Bwana" (game, master).

I have found that it is not the rule that natives see game before the white man, when the European has shot much and knows what to look for, although, at times, such as on the present occasion, the natives may see the game first.

Seeing game is more a matter of knowing what game looks like than exceptional eyesight, though one has to be very quick-sighted to catch a sight of an animal before it has become aware of danger.

On this occasion the roan antelopes, for there were three, had not seen us, so I



Photo by G. Garden.

CROCODILE.

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Photo by G. Gardén.

CROCODILE.

made the men lie down, and crawled forward, keeping bushes and grass between us. When I got to within about one hundred yards, I sat down and looked at them closely to try to pick out the best horns; but they were all ordinary heads. One now presented a good chance, so I fired at its shoulder, and it came down after rushing thirty yards or so. . Another one offered a good shot as it stood half facing away, so I took it about the kidneys and fired.

It stood as if paralysed. I then gave it a bullet in the neck, which killed it. The sole remaining one now offered a good chance, but I let it go, as two were all I wanted. Having taken out about ten men, I was able to bring in all the meat of one of the animals, while the other beast was covered up in the usual way, although, on this occasion, I did not tie my handkerchief over it, and a leopard came and ate a small portion of it in the night. Whether the handkerchief might have kept him away I cannot say, though I have never had an animal interfered with at night when I have hung my handkerchief over it, and on several occasions I have seen leopards and hyænas' spoor near the carcase, showing that it did some good in keeping them at a distance.

One afternoon, when I was living in a mud-house close to the Luangwa river, I went out to try to shoot some meat, and walked to a place that was a favourite haunt of a big herd of impala. I had seen this herd several times, and knew there was a good ram with a pretty head running with the herd, but up to that time I had not been able to get a good shot at him.

When I got near the place I told the two men I had brought out to keep behind, and I walked quietly up, making no noise, as I had on a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes. The rainy season was on, and the vegetation was beautifully green, so, as impala are very easily seen, I soon got a glimpse of the herd. Lying down behind a small bushy tree, I watched them feeding and playing themselves. The herd began moving towards me, but I had not yet seen the ram I was after, although there were two or three young males with horns only a few inches long. A doe, with a fawn, lay down within fifteen paces of me, and it was very interesting watching her at such a short distance. I was so taken up with my study that I had taken my eyes off the other animals, for there were forty or fifty of them; so when I looked at them again I at last saw the male standing behind a forked tree. The herd began to get suspicious; they seemed to know that something was wrong, but could not quite make out what. Putting the rifle slowly to my shoulder, I fired through the forked branches at the shoulder of the ram. At the report the other animals ran together, not quite locating the sound of the shot; but I did not fire at another. Calling the men, we took the spoor of the ram and found him lying dead in some grass a short distance

away. I shot a large number of impala while living on the west bank of the Luangwa river. Opposite, on the east side, there was a great amount of game, as there were no villages near. This was part of the Luangwa Game Reserve, which had been made so as to protect a herd or two of giraffes which exist there. I had permission from the late Mr. Codrington, who was Administrator of North-Eastern Rhodesia at that time, to shoot in the reserve as long as I did not interfere with the giraffes. I saw the fresh spoor of these animals on several occasions, but never followed them or interfered with them in any way. Often I would cross to the east side in a leaky old dugout which I had, and I hardly ever returned without bagging game of some description, generally waterbuck or impala. In the early mornings or late in the evenings I used to see game feeding along the bank, and I can recollect shooting a waterbuck, two impalas, and a bushbuck across the river, which was about three hundred yards wide at that place. Now, to vary things, I will give a sample of hard luck.

One evening, while living on the Kapundi stream, my cook came to me and said the fowls were finished, so I thought a nice steak from some buck would be a good substitute for tough fowl, or, rather, no fowl at all, so I went out, taking a .256 Mannlicher rifle by Gibbs, of Bristol, which I had just got from a friend in exchange for a .400 Jeffery single rifle.

Walking up the Kapundi dambo for some distance without seeing anything, I was thinking of returning, as the sun was near the horizon. However, there was a good moon, so instead of going back I sat down on the side of an ant-hill which commanded a good view of the dambo. While smoking and watching, I saw an animal move in the thick scrub on the other side of the dambo, and soon afterwards I made out others which I saw were sable antelopes. They were apparently coming down to drink at a pool in the stream, so I moved my position to get out of sight, and watched them feeding and gradually working their way to the water. Sable and roan antelopes, when undisturbed, have rather a slouching appearance, and they do not look their best until they move with their fine heads*thrown back or held high.

The bull, as is often the case, was in the rear of the herd, but when he saw the others drinking he came on faster.

Firing at him as he stood nearly broadside on, I hit him in the shoulder, as I thought. On getting the bullet he lifted his forelegs off the ground and gave a jump forward, and went after the herd, which were disappearing in the bush. I may here say that most of the larger antelopes, such as eland, roan, and sable, often raise their forelegs off the ground and spring forward when a bullet hits them. This particularly applies to eland, which nearly always act in this way when hit in the forward part of the body.



LIVINGSTONE RAILWAY STATION IN N.W. RHODESIA.



VICTORIA FALLS, ZAMBESI RIVER.
(Taken from train crossing the bridge.)

But to get back to my sable, which had disappeared. It was getting dark, though I could make out the spoor of the herd fairly easily, so I spoored them until it got too dark to see, and I had to leave the beast for the time being. Next day I returned with two natives and spent a whole morning on the spoor, but could not find the wounded animal; so I hope he recovered from his wound, though I doubt it.

On Christmas Day, 1908, which I spent with my friend, Mr. T. A. Barns, at his house on the Kapundi stream, I thought I would try to get some meat, so went out by myself in the evening. By this time the grass is beginning to get long, and it is difficult seeing game unless it is large enough to show over the grass. While strolling along thinking of many things, such as the good dinners that would be eaten on this evening at home, I suddenly noticed the tops of the grass waving about fifty yards from where I was standing.

Getting on my knees, I crawled in the direction, and then peeped over the grass and saw a fine bush-pig busy feeding and a little further on another. Taking a steady standing shot with my .275 rifle, I had the satisfaction of seeing piggy tumble on his back, but he recovered his feet and rushed off, only to fall again after going a short distance. The other one disappeared among the trees, but while I was looking at the dead one I heard it grunting, so I went towards the sound and saw the pig standing behind a small bush, evidently waiting for her comrade to come on. As two pigs are better than one when it comes to feeding hungry natives, I gave her a bullet which killed her where she stood.

Some of my boys, hearing the shots, soon arrived and carried one of the pigs to the house, the other being left out until the following morning.

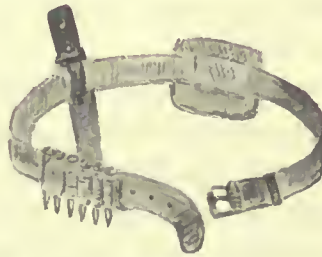
I can remember many another successful evening's sport and some unsuccessful ones. It sometimes gave me greater pleasure to watch game than to kill it, unless the meat was badly wanted. Often one will put in more hard work over bagging a small duiker or oribi than in shooting a large animal such as a kudu or sable.

The smaller antelopes are beautiful creatures, being so neatly and gracefully formed. Duiker and klipspringers, when caught young, make nice pets, as they become very tame with handling. A friend of mine has a young eland which runs with his cattle and is quite tame.

Another friend who lives near Zomba, in Nyasaland, has a female sable which is great friends with a half-bred bull. They follow one another all over the place and are inseparable companions. I have heard that in Southern Rhodesia there are some half-breds between cattle and eland, which may be possible, as the eland is distantly related to the ox family, as his scientific name, *Taurotragus oryx*, denotes. It would

be an easy matter to fill several chapters with accounts of the shooting of various animals, but I think I have mentioned enough to show how pleasant these evening walks can be when one is living a quiet existence in the African bush. To anyone but a lover of Nature and wild life the loneliness would be intolerable. The Australian poet Paterson has a verse in his poem, "Clancy of the Overflow," which describes the feelings of the bush rover faithfully :

"And the bush has friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him,
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous beauty of the everlasting stars."



BELT, WITH CARTRIDGES, KNIFE, AND POUCH.



Photo by G. Garden.

A PAIR OF BUSHPIGS.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME NATIVE TRAITS.

A PERSON cannot live in any wild country without being closely associated with the inhabitants and without taking an interest in their modes of life.

Many men who have lived for some years in the wilder parts of Africa have admitted that they hardly understood the native character better at the end of their experiences than they did at the beginning.

The natives of this part of Africa are just as peculiar in this respect as those of any other part, and it is impossible to know whether their actions are the outcome of logical reasoning, or whether they act from the impulse of the moment. I am strongly inclined to believe that the latter is the case, for in all their actions they are so like an animal that I question whether they have a brain capable of sensible reasoning. The difference between man and an animal is generally understood to be, that man builds decent habitations, looks ahead, providing for the morrow as well as for to-day, and man is supposed to go on improving his mind, as well as his surroundings; but this is not the case with the natives of this country, for they are in practically the same condition now as they were at the beginning.

Most races that have risen have themselves to thank for the fact, for the power was in them to rise; but the natives do not seem to have any ambition to better themselves.

Missionaries are doing their best to educate them by teaching them the English language and the Christian religion, but it is questionable whether they do them much good, for to teach a native to sing hymns is much on a par with teaching a parrot to talk. Natives in their own lives are very fond of singing or making a noise, and most of the hymns, having catchy airs, appeal to them; but it is very doubtful whether they can be made to understand the true meaning of religion. By all means teach them to work with their hands and brains, for it has been proved that the most energetic nations are those that lead the world at the present day.

A mission native is not liked for various reasons, the main one being that he can seldom be trusted, as his religious training, instead of making him better morally, seems to increase his natural sly cunning and dishonesty.

I do not say that there are not exceptions, but I am sorry to say they are few and far between.

It is a principle with a native to choose "the way of least resistance," so he generally lies. When he tells the truth, he thinks it will pay him to do so, or he does it by accident.

Most kind-hearted people try to find good instead of evil in others; and, with the exception of their continual lying and occasional dishonesty, there are many good points in the native character. One of their good points is love for their children, although at the best this is only a kind of animal love, for as soon as the offspring grow up they have to shift for themselves, like the lion cub and baby monkey.

Perhaps their worst fault is their heartless indifference to pain, be it mental or physical, in others. They will laugh and imitate the dying groans and gestures of some poor wretch, and leave him to die alone and unattended.

Surely this is animal-like in human beings, for the beasts do likewise, as a wounded animal is nearly always found alone, having been turned out of the herd by his stronger companions. They treat animals horribly in most cases, and pity is a thing they do not know.

Charity is a very scarce article among the natives, for there is no room for it in their struggle for existence. Sometimes members of the same tribe, or clan, treat one another well, but not always. They give very little away, and what they do give they expect very full payment for.

Their morals are no worse, or better, than other native tribes in different parts of the world, and would compare quite favourably with certain European races. They believe in polygamy, for the more wives a man can afford to keep the more comfortable he will be, as the women do most of the work in the gardens, besides cooking the husband's food and looking after their numerous children. A native's idea of wealth is plenty of wives, cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs, and a few daughters, which he hopes to make something of in the future. As livestock among the natives is not very plentiful nowadays, they sell their daughters now for money or cloth, instead of for cattle and other animals, as was formerly the custom.

At the present time the natives can make a good deal of money, considering their simple wants. As carriers or labourers they can earn a shilling a week, and the personal servants of white men generally get more.

The hut-tax is very reasonable, and after it is paid the natives can either sit down in their villages or work, for there is always a demand for labour in this country among the traders, farmers, or hunters. As a native will never do to-day what he can leave for the morrow, they wait until the last moment to prepare their gardens for the crops, on the breaking of the rainy season.



THE AUTHOR IN AFRICA AND AT HOME.

This is about December, so at that time it is very difficult to get them to leave their villages and act as carriers or do other work.

As a rule, the natives in this country are very respectful to white men, but their respect can only be gained by never treating them familiarly.

This respect is rather tinged with fear, and if they did not fear the whites I am quite sure they would not respect them.

Sometimes they try to take advantage, and then a certain amount of harshness in dealing with them will be necessary.

A white man should never let them think he is afraid of anything, for all savage races have a great respect for fearlessness.

The officials are sometimes inclined to give the natives the impression that the non-officials are nobodies, which is the greatest mistake, for at all costs the prestige of the white race should be kept up. In such cases the non-official has to act himself, and show the natives that he is quite capable of safeguarding his own interests.

When an official has got his district in good order, he should be kept there, as it unsettles natives to have a new master every year or two. The responsibilities of an official in this country are very great, for some of the districts are as big or perhaps bigger than the largest county in the British Isles. Most of the officials are comparatively young men, so they have to be very sensible ones to gain the respect of the whites, as well as the natives, in their district. The laws in force in this country are framed on the same basis as British law, with slight exceptions. A native can hardly be treated from the same standpoint as a white man, and allowance has to be made for the difference in colour and racial feeling.

One of the finest qualities the natives possess is their splendid endurance under hardships and discomforts. For instance, they will carry a load weighing 50lb. day after day, doing an average of twenty miles daily. I think they are able to do this because their minds are a blank, and they walk along in a mechanical way. A white man could not do it, for he would get impatient and worried.

No man could have better servants in the bush, and considering that it is only a few years since the white men came to live among them they are wonderfully intelligent. The boys and youths seem to be smarter than the older men, doubtless because they are able to accustom themselves to the new condition of things more easily.

The natives' minds are full of superstition, and no amount of education or enlightenment will ever dispel their belief in the supernatural.

They still practise witchcraft, and undergo the ordeal by poisoning. The

medicine they use is distilled from the bark of the mwavi tree, and many of them die every year from this cause.

They have many weird customs, some of which are connected with putting useless and "not wanted" people out of the way; but, of course, when such occurrences come to light, they are most severely dealt with by the officials. The non-official is more likely to hear of such matters than the official, for of course the natives know that they would be punished for doing these things. I know a case of a native coming to a white man and asking for medicine to poison his mother-in-law. Of course he did not get it; but he doubtless managed to get rid of her in some other way. They often dig corpses up, as they use certain parts of the bodies as fetishes and medicine.

The two most warlike races in this country are the Awemba and Angoni. The former live east and south-east of Lake Bangweolo, and the latter inhabit the country round Fort Jameson and the country to the north-east. The Awemba are much the finer race, for, although the Angoni are descended from the Zulu stock that invaded this country, they are now much intermixed with inferior tribes and have been spoilt by civilisation.

Both the Awemba and Angoni are, as a rule, medium-sized, wiry men, but the former are much harder and pluckier.

The race that make the best personal servants are the Yaos, whose country is to the south-east of Lake Nyasa. They were formerly known as the Ajawa. The Yaos are intelligent, and more faithful than any other race I know of. The Atonga, who inhabit the country to the east of Lake Nyasa, are a very intelligent race, but they are fearful rogues. There are many other races in Northern Rhodesia, such as the Akunda, Asenga, Achewa, Awisa, Asimba, Alala, Watwa, etc. Before the whites took over the administration of this country there was perpetual internecine war, the aggressors being the stronger tribes, such as the Angoni and Awemba, who were raided in their turn by the slave-dealing Arabs. I doubt whether the warlike tribes like the present state of affairs, for the natives like excitement, and man-hunting was exciting sport for them. The native question in all the African colonies is a forthcoming problem; so long as the natives are properly in hand they should be kept so.

We have only to glance at the history of different native risings and wars, such as the Indian Mutiny and Matabele Rebellion, for example, to see that stern measures pay best in the end and save bloodshed and money.

The natives in this country have not yet given any trouble to speak of, and our great safety lies in the fact that there are so many different tribes, who have little in common.



JACKAL.
(One-third size.)



CIVET CAT.
(One-third size.)



HUNTING DOG.
(One-third size.)



HYENA.
(One-fourth size.)



LEOPARD.
(One-fourth size.)



WARTHOG.
(One-third size.)



ZEBRA.
(One-fourth size.)



KASENYE.
(One-half size.)



KLIPSPRINGER.
(One-half-size.)

(1.) SPOORS OF THE CARNIVORA, ETC., IN MINIATURE.

(Note.—Lion spoor similar to Leopard, but larger.)

The Matabele Rebellion proved that it was the educated and semi-educated natives who were mainly responsible for the trouble, and when the rebellion broke out nearly all the native police turned against us. The main body of the native police here are armed with the '303 rifle, and I think it is a mistake to give them such weapons, and teach them to use them, for when trouble does arise they will be the first to turn against us.

Their work consists of arresting an occasional murderer, guarding prisoners, and bringing in natives who refuse to pay their hut-tax.

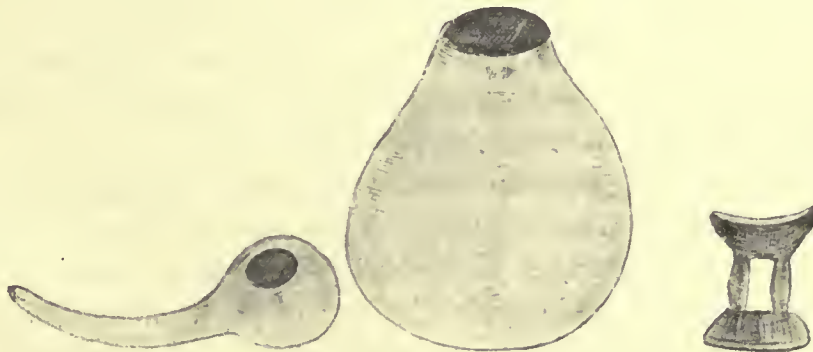
If a rifle was necessary for any of these purposes they could be given one, or more, but to arm a number of such men with modern rifles is hardly wise. Spears would be quite good enough for the work they have to do.

The man who has lived long in this country always prefers the raw native to the half-educated article, for reasons that are apparent.

The more educated a native gets, the more is he inclined to be familiar and impudent.

Not long ago a mission boy murdered his wife and child in a most brutal manner, and among the murderer's effects were found a number of letters addressed to him by a mission lady, in which she used most familiar expressions. Can one imagine anything more absurd or indiscreet, for of course the native would show and read these letters to his friends. I can picture the conversations, and how the creature boasted that the lady was a great friend of his. I can also picture some of the disgusting remarks that passed with reference to that white woman in particular, and white women in general.

If people only knew the workings of a native's mind, and the way he looks at these things, there would be an end to all sentiment in our treatment of them.



NATIVE GOURDS AND PILLOW.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NOTES ON EQUIPMENT, TRAVEL EXPENSES, ETC.

ALMOST every book on big-game shooting and travel has a chapter on this subject, and I think it is very necessary for the sportsman to know what is the best outfit for the country he intends to shoot and travel in, for all lands have their different means of transport.

For this country things should be as light as possible, combined with strength, for articles get knocked about in rough travel, and natives are clumsy and rough-handed.

In Northern Rhodesia it is not advisable to travel too light, for it has been proved that men cannot rough it here as they do in South Africa, so a tent and camp bed should always be taken.

It is very pleasant sleeping outside in the dry season, and a few nights spent in sleeping on the ground will do little harm, but when the ground is wet or damp this will surely bring on fever.

The first thing a sportsman requires is a good rifle, or a couple of them, in case of loss or breakage. Nowadays there are so many types and bores that it is a very difficult matter to say which is the best, when so many are good. One can kill game with any modern rifle by a good maker; but it should be remembered that the hunter should carry the rifle himself, so I recommend a fairly light and small-bore weapon, such as a .256 Mannlicher-Schonauer, .275 Mauser, or .303; and if the hunter requires something heavier, a .400 cordite falling block.

High-velocity rifles are now made in all bores, from .256 to .600, and with various types of actions. I think that it has been almost conclusively proved that double-barrels are not necessary, as a good form of magazine rifle is quick enough, and, for the matter of that, so is a single falling-block rifle.

A really reliable double-barrelled cordite rifle will cost about 50*l.*, and a good falling-block about 20*l.*, and the most serviceable type of magazine weapon can be bought for a sum of 12*l.* 12*s.*, or thereabouts; so I do not see any need for the sportsman to waste his money in buying an expensive double barrel. Having tried many forms of rifles in double barrels, falling-blocks, and magazines, I prefer the Mauser action, for I never found it to jam or fail to eject the fired case. A hair



DUIKER.
(One-half size.)



ORIBI.
(One-half size.)



REEDBUCK.
(One-third size.)



FUKU.
(One-third size.)



IMPALA.
(One-third size.)



BUSHBUCK.
(One-third size.)



SITUTUNGA.
(One-third size.)



SASSABY.
(One-quarter size.)



WATERBUCK.
(One-quarter size.)

(2.) SPOORS OF ANTELOPES IN MINIATURE.
(Note.—Lichtenstein's Hartebeest like Sassaby, but larger.)

trigger is sometimes fitted to a Mauser or Mannlicher rifle, but such a contrivance is apt to be dangerous unless great care is taken.

Rifles made for rimless cartridges seem to work smoother than those made for rim cartridges.

I have found the .275 Mauser a very handy, reliable weapon, but some people prefer something bigger, such as a 7.9 mm. (.311 bore) or a .350 or .360. The .275 is 7 mm. Mausers can be got in 7 mm., 7.9 mm., 9 mm., and 11 mm. bores. Not long ago a party of Boers, headed by Mr. J. W. Viljoen, killed in the Lo-Magundi district of Southern Rhodesia eighty-one elephants within the space of a few days, and Mr. Viljoen killed to his own rifle in one day eighteen elephants, and he was using a 7.9 mm. rifle, which proves it is quite large enough for elephants. The late Mr. A. H. Neumann once killed fourteen elephants in one day's shooting in British East Africa, using a .303 mainly. I have killed a number of elephants and rhinos with rifles of that bore, and many of my friends and others have also done the same, so a big bore is not absolutely necessary unless one is making a business of elephant shooting, which cannot be done nowadays owing to restrictions. I therefore think an ideal battery would be a 7 mm. or 7.9 mm., and a single falling-block .400 rifle, or double if preferred. All sights should be screwed down to prevent their being shifted by a knock or fall, and a rifle should have a non-automatic safety catch, that is, on loading, the rifle is ready to fire without the safety catch being touched.

Great attention should be paid to the types of bullets used for the various game, as on this depends most of the killing power of the rifle. For game such as elephants, rhinos, hippos, and perhaps buffaloes, solid bullets should be always used, and for antelopes, lions, leopards, pigs, etc., a good form of expanding projectile, with a small amount of lead exposed at the point, or a short hollow. Only two kinds of cartridges need be taken, viz., solids and expanding.

The solid bullets should be the comparatively old pattern, with the fairly blunt point, for the new sharp-pointed bullets now used for target-shooting at home are apt to be deflected on hard, round bones.

As to sighting, the ordinary fairly broad V with a silver line or ivory cone down the centre is sufficient, and such sights are quicker in use than the Lyman aperture sight or others of a similar pattern. Eyes fitted to the stock and barrel for a sling will be useful while on hilly ground, when the rifle may have to be slung so as to have the use of both hands. Canvas covers for the rifles, a strong cartridge-bag, and a bag known as a "rucksac" will be useful. The latter is handy for carrying odds and ends in, and is large enough to carry a duiker or a spare change of clothes and a blanket when following elephant spoor.

An expensive hunting-knife is not necessary, and two or three "Bushman Friend" knives will do everything that is required; in fact, a large animal can be skinned with a strong pocket-knife.

A camera should form part of the equipment, for photographs of game, scenery, and native life are always interesting. As to tents, I have found a light single "Whymper" pattern tent the most useful for work in the dry season, as it only weighs about 35lb. complete, which forms a single man's load. It is a good plan to have the ground-sheet sewn along both sides, with the ends left open, and, perhaps, a small window at the back.

The size I use is seven feet long, by seven feet broad, by seven feet high. Near rivers it can be pitched under a big shady tree, for many of the trees remain green throughout the year, even though no water may be visible on the surface during the months of the hot season. When green trees are seen in such a place, and water is badly needed, it can sometimes be got by digging, if no known water-holes are near.

Camp furniture can be bought in many patterns, but I have found the "X" patent the best for beds and tables, though the chairs are hardly strong enough.

The most comfortable and strongest chair is the ordinary "deck" chair with a green canvas seat.

The tent, bed, and, in fact, everything should be made of green "Willesden" canvas, which withstands hard wear better than any other material, and has the additional advantage that white ants and rats will not eat it. A mosquito net of the smallest mesh, to keep out sandflies, is most necessary, and three strong, thick blankets, a waterproof sheet, and two strong canvas bags with staples and padlocks.

The best foot-wear for the bush is strong rubber-soled boots or shoes, but the rubber must be sewn on.

A pair of binoculars may be wanted, and the modern prism glasses are the best, and a steel tape measure will also be needed. I now give a detailed list of necessary articles, with the probable cost at home. Some of the things might be bought at the few stores in the country, but at exorbitant prices; so I advise the outfitting to be done at home.



KUDU.
(One-quarter size.)



SABLE.
(One-quarter size.)



GNU.
(One-quarter size.)



GIRAFFE.
(One-quarter size.)



ELAND.
(One-quarter size.)



BUFFALO.
(One-quarter size.)

(3.) SPOORS OF GAME IN MINIATURE.
(Note.—Spoor of Roan similar to Sable, but larger.)

CAMP EQUIPMENT.

	Probable cost at home.			Total.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One tent, "Whymper" pattern, green canvas, 7ft. × 7ft. × 7ft., complete, in bag, with poles, pegs, ropes, etc., weight about 35lb. ...	4	4	0	4	4	0
One folding camp bed, "X" pattern, 6ft. 6in. × 2ft. 6in., green canvas, latest hook pattern, in bag	1	8	0	1	8	0
One green mosquito net, to fit bed... ..		15	0		15	0
One folding bath, green canvas, in bag		10	6		10	6
One magazine rifle, sighted to 300yds.	12	12	0	12	12	0
1000 rounds for above (300 solids, 700 expanding), say per 100 ...	1	0	0	10	0	0
One 400 falling-block rifle, sighted to 300yds, 3¼in. case, 60gr. powder, 400gr. bullet, say	20	0	0	20	0	0
300 rounds for above (200 solids, 100 expanding), per 100	1	5	0	3	15	0
Spare parts for above, and covers, etc., say	3	0	0	3	0	0
One leather body belt, with pouches, say		10	6		10	6
Four "Bushman's Friend" skinning knives		2	6		10	0
Two small American axes		3	6		7	0
One steel tape measure, 6ft.		3	6		3	6
One talc folding candle-lantern, in box, with spare talc sides		7	6		7	6
One gross candles, say per doz.		1	0		12	0
Three strong thick blankets, say each	1	0	0	3	0	0
Three towels, each		2	6		7	6
Two doz. cakes soap, per doz.		3	0		6	0
One Kodak with necessary films, say	5	5	0	5	5	0
One lot preserving materials for trophies, saltpetre, alum, arsenical soap, etc., say... ..	2	0	0	2	0	0
One waterbottle, aluminium, say		10	0		10	0
Two watertight steel boxes, each	1	15	0	3	10	0
Two watertight canvas bags, each		10	6	1	1	0
One waterproof sheet, 8ft. × 6ft., say		15	6		15	6
One lot writing materials, notebooks, envelopes, paper, pens and pencils, say		15	0		15	0
Two enamel washing basins, say each		3	6		7	0
One lot cups, saucers, plates, say		10	0		10	0
One lot knives, forks, spoons, say		10	0		10	0
One frying pan, enamel		3	0		3	0
Two stewpots, aluminium, to nest. Tops may be used as frying pans, fitted with handles, say each		15	0	1	10	0
One enamel teapot, say		3	6		3	6
One box assorted medicines: bandages, lint, needles, thread, plaster, ointment, quinine, warburg, phenacetin, corrosive sublimate, permanganate, etc. (Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co.), say... ..	2	10	0	2	10	0
One double Terai hat, drab colour, say	1	0	0	1	0	0
Three khaki shirts, say		7	6	1	2	6

CAMP EQUIPMENT—*continued.*

	Probable cost at home.	Total.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Three khaki shorts (pants), say	10 6	1 11 6
One rain coat, say	1 10 0	1 10 0
Twelve pairs strong socks, say	2 6	1 10 0
One pair gaiters, canvas, say	1 10 0	1 10 0
One cushion or pillow, say... ..	7 6	7 6
One "deck" chair, covered with green canvas to lace on, say	12 6	12 6
One khaki or grey sweater, say	10 6	10 6
One pair binoculars, prism pattern, say	6 6 0	6 6 0
One small box tools, files, gimlets, nippers, hone, nails, etc., say	7 6	7 6
Three pairs strong shooting boots, say	1 10 0	4 10 0
Two pairs rubber-soled shoes, say... ..	15 0	1 10 0
One pair slippers, say	7 6	7 6
One hammer, saw, and screwdriver, say		10 0
	£	105 4 0

In above list I have not mentioned such things as handkerchiefs, coats, and other articles the sportsman will possess, and which he would bring with him.

I will now mention the approximate cost of travel, pay of carriers and native servants, with their food, and also messing expenses of sportsmen, with extras, etc.

TRAVEL, EXPENSES, ETC. (SAY FOR SIX MONTHS' TRIP).

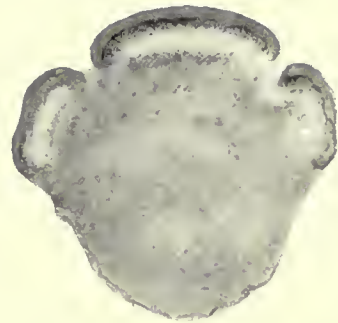
	£ s. d.
Passage from and return to England, say	150 0 0
Twenty-five carriers, with food for six months, at 7s. a man per month	52 10 0
Sportsman's messing expenses, say £10 per month	60 0 0
Three personal servants (one cook, say 15s. per month, and two boys at 7s. per month)	8 14 0
Extras, such as presents to natives for information, say	5 0 0
Cost of big-game licence, with restrictions mentioned on same, for one year	25 0 0
Freight for sending home trophies, with extras for export on ivory, stamps, etc., say	25 0 0
Duty on rifles and cartridges (import), say... ..	10 0 0
Total	£336 4 0

SUMMARY.

	£ s. d.
Camp equipment	105 2 0
Travel expenses, etc.	336 4 0
Grand total	£441 6 0



HIPPO.
(One-sixth size.)



RHINO.
(One-sixth size.)



ELEPHANT.
(One-sixth size.)

(4.) SPOORS OF THE PACHYDERMS.

I have now shown that for a sum of less than £450 a sportsman can have an interesting and comfortable shooting trip to this country.

It could be done for slightly less by doing without certain things and travelling with fewer loads; but, as I have mentioned before, it does not pay to rough it too much, for the hardships and discomforts of following big game in the intense heat take it out of a man, so he should try to be comfortable when he is resting in camp.

I do not include liquor in the sportsman's messing expenses, but a bottle or two of whisky a month, and other small luxuries, could be obtained in the cost given. I am convinced, however, that the best drink for the hunter in Africa, or anywhere else, is tea, and, as the water for it has to be boiled, any germs that may be in it are destroyed.

As a newcomer will not understand the native languages, he may have to engage an interpreter, though many of the cooks and personal boys understand a little English and could act as such.

If headskins of game are taken, the sportsman should make the first cuts himself, or the natives are bound to make a mess of it. They have to be taught to skin properly, and this takes some time.

The places they will go wrong are about the base of the ears, the eyes, and the nose and mouth.

In taking a whole skin they invariably cut the legs on the outside instead of on the inside.

This work has always to be personally supervised if it is to be done correctly.

They have also to be made to understand that heads seething with beetles and maggots must be kept away from the skins, for if the bacon beetles (*Dermestes lardratus*) get at the skins they will be ruined in a few days.

It is very difficult to dry skins properly during the rainy season, but in the dry season a few hours' exposure to the sun, added to an application of alum and saltpetre, will soon cure them. The hair on the ears and nose removes very easily, so these parts should not be rubbed on any hard substance, or treated roughly. A soaking with turpentine or paraffin will help to keep beetles and grubs away, or kill them if present, but they soon eat away the hair and cause it to fall out, so skins should be inspected constantly and beaten with a stick to dislodge any pests that may lurk within. The proverb that "a stitch in time saves nine" was never better exemplified than in the care of skins in this country. Stores might be brought from home packed in boxes of about 45lb. weight. Many firms know how to pack for this country in suitable wooden boxes with locks.

These, when empty, are useful for many purposes, such as sending home small head-skins and horns.

My task is now finished, and I hope that if the letterpress does not interest my reader that the pictures of the game will be of interest, and help to make up for other defects.



RUCKSAC.

APPENDIX.

NATIVE NAMES OF THE GAME, ETC.

IT may be useful for the sportsman to know the native names for the animals, and for other things, so I give lists which I hope will be a help.

I have drawn, to scale, certain game spoors, but I may say that these do not give a true impression, as of course it will take the reader some little time to figure out what their correct size should be.

Capt. C. H. Stigand and myself, in our book "Central African Game and its Spoor," gave a full list of the spoors and the native names, besides other information concerning the art of hunting; so if the reader is anxious to study the matter further I would suggest that he gets that volume. Naturally, I do not wish to republish matter which has already appeared in print.

The small vocabulary of native names which I give may also enable the sportsman who does not know the language to make himself understood when he is "lost" for a word, for some of the most intelligent natives are very quick at understanding what one wants if they get an inkling of what is meant.

NATIVE NAMES OF THE GAME.

	CHINYANJA.	CHIYAO.	NGONI (Zulu).	CHIKUNDA.	CHIBISA.	CHIWEMBA.
Elephant ...	Njobvu.	Ndembo.	Nkhlovu.	Mzou.	Nzovu.	Zofu.
Rhino ...	Chipembere.	Chipembere.	Mkhombo.	Ntema.	Ntema.	Chipembere.
Hippo ...	Mvu.	Ndamondo.	Imvu.	Mvu.	Mfuvu.	Mfubu.
Giraffe...	—	—	—	—	Njomia.	—
Buffalo ...	Njati.	Njati.	Nyati.	Nyati.	Mboo.	Mbo.
Eland ...	Nchefu.	Mbunju.	Mpofu.	Ntuka.	Nsefu.	Nsefu.
Gnu ...	Sindi.	Zindi.	Nkonkoni.	Nyumbu.	Nyumbu.	—
Sable ...	Mpala-pala.	Balapi.	Nyambuzi.	Kang'ombe- Ng'ombe.	Nkwalandi.	Nkanshiria.
Roan ...	Chilembwe.	Mlembwe.	Nturakamwa.	Ntuwakamwa.	Mpelembe.	Perembe.
Kudu ...	Ngoma.	Ndandala.	Lichangaroro.	Nzilowa.	Mpurupuru.	Kaloko.
Waterbuck ...	Nakodzwe.	Ndogolo.	Chuzu.	Vilimbo.	Chuswe.	Chuswe.
Hartebeest (Lichtenstein's)	Ngondo.	Ngose.	Nkhonse.	Ngondo.	Nkonse.	Nkonshi.
Sassaby ...	—	—	—	—	Mtengo.	Mtengo- maroli.

NATIVE NAMES OF THE GAME—*continued.*

	CHINYANJA.	CHIYAO.	NGONI (Zulu).	CHIKUNDA.	CHIBISA.	CHIWEMBA.
Situtunga ...	—	—	—	—	Nzowe.	Nsowe.
Lechwe ...	—	—	—	—	Nja.	Nja.
Nyala ...	—	Bōō.	—	—	—	—
Bushbuck ...	Balala.	Mbawala.	Mbawala.	Gobo.	Chikwiwa.	Chisongo.
Impala... ..	Nswala.	Swala.	Nswala.	Mpala.	Mpala.	Mpala.
Puku	Seuli.	Seula.	Seuli.	—	Seula.	Nseula.
Reedbuck ...	Mpoyo.	Ndope.	Nshlangu.	Mpoyo.	Mvwe.	Mfwe.
Oribi	Choe.	Chikosimbi.	Chozimbi.	Dambalala- chepa.	Kakonje.	Nsele.
Duiker... ..	Gwapi.	Isia.	Phunzi.	Nyassa.	Insha.	Pombo.
Klipspringer..	Chinkoma.	Chiwalama.	Ligogogo.	Mbalawi.	—	Chimbusi- mabwe.
Sharpe's Steinbuck	Kansenyē.	—	Nsumpe.	Kambangu.	Katili.	Katiri.
Zebra	Mbizi.	Mbunda.	Lidui.	Mbidzi.	Chimbweti.	Chimbweti.
Warthog ...	Njiri.	Mbango.	Nncagu.	Njiri.	Kachia.	Njiri.
Bushpig ...	Nguruwe.	Liguluwe.	Ndudu.	Nkhumba.	Kapole.	Kapole.
Lion	Mkango.	Lisimba.	Ngwenyama.	Mpondoro.	Nkalamu.	Nkalamu.
Leopard ...	{Nyalugwe. Natave.}	Chisuwe.	Ingnewi.	Kaingwi.	Ingo.	Mbwili.
Hyæna, Spotted	Fisi.	Litunu.	Impisi.	Kuzumba.	Chimbwe.	Chimbwe.
Hunting Dog.	Mbulu.	Lisogo.	Ndacha.	Mbinzi.	—	—
Civet Cat ...	Chombwe.	Ungo.	Sindawajosi.	Chombwe.	—	—
Jackal	Nkhandwe.	Likule.	Likanga.	Nkhandwe.	Mumbwe.	Mumbwe.
Serval	Ndudzi.	Njusi.	Njosi.	Nzunza.	Mbale.	Mbale.
Wild Cat ...	Vumbwe.	Chiulu.	Ligora.	Vumbwe.	Fumbwe.	Mpaka.
Porcupine ...	Nungu.	Ndinu.	—	Nungu.	—	Kinungi.
Baboon	Nyani.	Lijani.	Chiro- cheutowa.	Kawlo.	—	Kolwe.
Monkey ...	{Chitumbere Pusi.}	Litumbili.	Cheta.	Pusi.	Cheta.	—
Ant Bear ...	Zimba.	Mbawe.	Chambani.	Zimba.	Chichewa- Pendwa.	—
Crocodile ...	Ng'ona.	Ngwena.	Ngwenya.	Nyakoko.	—	—

A SMALL VOCABULARY OF USEFUL WORDS.

(Chinyanja Language.)

Above	Pamwamba.	Axe	Mquangwa.
Afraid, to be ...	Kuopa.	Back... ..	Msana.
Arrive, to	Kufika.	Back, to go ..	Kubwera.
Ashes	Pulusa.	Bad, to be ...	Kuipa.
Away, to go... ..	Kuchoka.	Bag	Tumbra.

Ball	Mpira.	Cup	Chiko.
Bamboo	Nsungwe.	Cut, to	Kudula.
Banana	Mtochi.	Dance, to	Kubvina.
Bank (river)... ..	Gombe.	Dark, to be	Kuda.
Bark, to	Kuwa.	Dawn, to	Kucha.
Basket	Mtanga.	Day	Tsika.
Beads	Mkanda.	Die, to	Kufa.
Beans	Nyemba.	Dig, to	Kukumba.
Bear, to	Bara.	Dog	Garu.
Beard	Ndevu.	Door	Chiseko.
Beast (wild)	Chirombo.	Drink, to	Kumva.
Bee	Nyuchi.	Drum	Mgoma.
Beer	Moa.	Ear	Kutu.
Before	Kale.	Earth	Dote.
Behind	Pambuya.	Eat, to	Kudia.
Belly	Mimba.	Egg	Dzira (mandanda).
Belt	Lamba.	European	Mzungu.
Beneath	Pansi.	Evening	Madzula.
Between	Pakati.	Eye	Diso.
Big	Kuru.	Face... ..	Pamaso.
Bind, to	Kumanga (or build).	Fall, to	Kugwa.
Black, to be... ..	Kuda.	Far	Kutali.
Blood	Mwazi.	Father	Atate.
Boat	Bwato.	Female	Mkazi.
Body	Tupi.	Fierce	Okali.
Bone	Pafupa.	File	Tupa.
Bow	Utah (arrow, mubvi).	Find, to	Kupeza.
Bran... ..	Gaga.	Finger	Chala.
Break, to	Kuswaka (or be broken).	Fire	Moto.
Bring, to	Kutenga.	Fire (a gun)... ..	Kombera futi.
Brother	Mbali.	Flesh (meat)	Nyama.
Burn, to	Kuocha.	Flour	Ufa.
Bury, to	Kuika.	Flower	Duwa.
Bush	Mtengo (also means tree).	Fly	Nchenchi.
Buy, to	Kugula.	Food	Chakudia.
Call, to	Kuitana.	Foot... ..	Pazi.
Careful	Bwino.	Front, in	Patsagola.
Cat	Mpaka.	Game	Nyama (same as meat or flesh).
Chair	Mpando.	Gently	Mpoli-poli.
Chief	Mfumu.	Girl	Bootu, namwali (maiden).
Child	Mwana.	Goat... ..	Mbuzi.
Climb, to	Kukwera.	Good	Abwino.
Cloth	Nsar.	Grass	Udzu.
Cloud	Mtambo.	Ground, on the	Pansi.
Cold... ..	Mpepo.	Gruel	Pala.
Cook, to	Kupika.	Gun	Mfuti (or rifle).
Cow	Ng'ombe.	Hair... ..	Sisi.
Cry, to	Kulira.		

Hat	Chapewa—chisoti.	Maize	Chimanga.
Heal, to	Kuchera.	Male	Mamuna.
Heart	Ntima.	Many	Mbiri.
Heavy	Kulemera.	Master	Bwana.
Herd	Kamu.	Mat (sleeping)	Mpasa.
Hide (skin)	Chikopa.	Matter, it does not	Pelibe-kantu.
Hole...	Chobu.	Medicine	Manquala.
Honey	Uchi.	Milk	Mkaka.
Horn	Nyanga.	Millet	Mapira.
Horse	Kavalo.	Mix, to	Kusanganiza.
Hot, to be	Kutenta.	Month	Mwezi.
House	Nyumba.	Moon	Mwezi (same as month).
How, why?	Bwanje.	Morning	Mawa.
Hunger	Njala.	Morning, early	Mamawa.
Hunt, to	Kusaka.	Mortar	Matondo (for making flour).
Hurt, to (wound, to)	Kulasa.	Mother	Mai.
If	Ngati.	Much	Kwambiri.
Ill, to be	Kudwala.	Nail	Somali.
Inside	Pakati.	Name	Zena.
Itch	Mpere.	Near...	Pafupi.
Jar	Bea.	Neck	Kosi.
Journey	Ulendo.	Night	Usiku.
Jump, to	Kulumpa.	No	E-i (pronouncing both vowels separately).
Just now (at once)	Sopano.	Nothing	Chabe.
Kill, to	Kufa.	Now	Sopano.
Kindle, to	Koleza.	Oil	Mafuta.
Knife	Mpeni.	Old	Kale.
Know, to	Kudziwa.	Open, to	Kusegula.
Kraal (enclosure)	Kola.	Outside	Panja.
Lash...	Chikoti.	Paddle	Ngombo.
Laugh, to	Kuseka.	Pay	Kunipera.
Leaf	Samba.	Perhaps	Kapaena.—Kyah.
Leave, to	Kuchoka.	Person	Muntu.
Leg	Mwendo.	Picture	Katunsi-tunsi.
Letter	Kalata.	Pig	Nkumba.
Lie, to	Kunama.	Pigeon	Nkunda.
Lie down	Kugona (sit down, kali-pansi).	Pity	Chisoni.
Life	Moyo.	Pot	{ Mpika (large beer pot), Mbea.
Lift	Nyamula.	Potato	Mpatata.
Light, to be	Kuyera.	Pull	Kukoka.
Like, to be (the same as)	Modsi-modsi.	Pumpkin	Dzungu.
Linger, to	Kuchedwa.	Punish, to	Kulanga.
Little	Ngona.	Quickly	Msanga.
Load	Katundu.	Quiet, to be	Tontola.
Locust	Zombe.	Rain...	Mvula.
Mad	Misala.	Raise	Kukweza.

Rat	Koswe.	Swallow, to	Kumeza.
Receive, to	Kulandira.	Sweep, to	Kusesa.
Red, to be	Kufira.	Swim, to	Kusambira.
Refuse, to	Kukana.	Tail	Machira.
Relish	Ndiwo.	Take, to	Kutenga.
Rice	Mpunga.	Talk, to	Kucheza.
Ring... ..	Mpete.	Tall... ..	Tari.
River	Nyanja.	Tax	Sonko.
Rope (string)	Chingwe.	Tell, to	Kuuza.
Rope, bark	Maluzi.	Think, to	Kuganiza.
Rotten, to be	Kuvunda.	Thread (cotton)	Tonje.
Run, to	Tamanga.	To	Ku.
Run away, to	Katawa.	Tobacco	Fodia.
Sale	Malonda.	To-day	Lero.
Salt	Nchere.	To-morrow	Mawa.
Saw, to	Kucheka.	" day after .	Machucha.
Season (rainy)	Dzinja.	Tooth, teeth... ..	Manu.
" (dry)	Malimwi.	Tree... ..	Mtengo.
" (cold)	Masika.	Verandah of house... ..	Conde.
See, to	Kuona.	Village	Mudzi.
Seed... ..	Mbeu.	Wait, to	Kulinda.
Seek, to	Kafunsa.	Wall	Koma.
Send, to	Kutumisa.	War	Nkondo.
Shade	Tunzi.	Water	Madzi.
Sharpen	Kunula.	Way (path)	Njira.
Sheep	Nkosi.	" (hoed road)	Msayu.
Shirt... ..	Malaia.	Wear, to	Kubvala.
Shut, to	Kuseka.	Weed	Chirombo.
Sickness	Ntenda.	Well... ..	Bwino.
Sing, to	Kuimba.	When	Liti.
Sit, to	Kukala.	White, to be	Kuyera.
Slave	Kapolo.	Why?	Bwanji (chifukwa-chiani).
Sleep, to	Kugona.	Wife... ..	Mkazi.
Slippers (or boots)	Sabato.	Wind	Mpepo (same word used for cold).
Small	Ngono.	Wing	Piko.
Smoke	Utsi.	Wish, to	Kufuna.
Speak, to	Kunena.	Witchcraft	Ufiti.
Spread, to	Kulala.	Work	Nchito.
Steal, to	Kuba.	Wound, to	Kulasa.
Stick	Ndodo.	Write, to	Kulemba.
Stone	Mwala.	Yard (measure)	Pande.
Stop, to	Kulaika.	Year... ..	Chaka.
Store (bin for grain)... ..	Ncokwe.	Yes	Inde.
Stream	Nsinji.	Yesterday	Zola.
Strength	Mpamvu.	Yesterday, day before	Zana.
Sun	Zua.		

(N.B.—Words beginning with M and N pronounced Im and In.)

TREATMENT OF FEVER.

Very few people can live in this or any other tropical country for any length of time without suffering from malarial fever.

It has been proved almost conclusively that this disease is caused by the bites of mosquitoes, and of course it is quite impossible to prevent being bitten while wandering about near rivers or swamps.

Mosquitoes bite human beings while they are moving about in the evenings or early mornings, but they do most damage when a person is asleep; so I think it advisable to always sleep under a net during the months that they are most numerous, viz., from January to May. The signs of an impending attack of malarial fever are headaches and a lassitude, and often weakness in the knees and joints.

Sometimes vomiting will occur, and a sickly feeling which will make the sufferer wish to lie down. It is a great mistake to give in too quickly, and I have found that a good hard walk will sometimes induce a perspiration and throw out the fever. I used to suffer considerably from fever, both in Eastern India and Nyasaland, but since I made it a habit to take ten grains of quinine twice or thrice a week, I have suffered very little from this complaint. The worst months for fever in this country are about January and April, the beginning and end of the rainy season. Constant attacks of malaria tend to an attack of blackwater fever, which disease has killed more Europeans in Central Africa than any other.

When an attack of malaria comes on the best thing to do is to lie down, when no longer able to move about, pile on the blankets, and drink some hot tea with ten grains of phenacetin, and try to produce a violent perspiration. If this dose is not sufficient it can be repeated in two or three hours. A complication of malaria will often be ague, or shakes, which have the varying effect of producing a feeling of cold shivering fits at one time and burning perspiration at another.

In this country, when far from a settlement, it is often difficult to get proper food for an invalid, and I know of nothing more disagreeable than suffering from a bad attack of malaria when there is nothing to eat except tough fowls or meat, and nothing to drink except dirty water or bitter tea. I have found Warburg's Fever Tincture a good medicine, but it is only used when the fever is on, and quinine is not much good at that time and should only be taken before and after fever. Often a stiff dose of calomel, followed by Epsom salts, will drive away an impending attack, and care should be taken to keep the bowels in working order, for nothing induces an attack of malaria more than chronic constipation. Having spent about sixteen years in bad climates, I have had a good experience of malarial fever, and I have found the treatment mentioned the most beneficial.

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